

IMAGINARY
CONVERSATIONS

NOTE

Professor Mahaffy's Introduction to the "Red Letter" edition of Landor's *Imaginary Conversations* has been embodied in the general Introduction as prepared for the present edition.

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INTRODUCTION

The generation in which Landon grew up was one of disturbance, of upheaval in Europe, much deeper than its wildest manifestation—the French Revolution. Not only were nations prompted to rebel against the tyranny, real or supposed, under which they had laboured, but individuals felt impelled to throw off the shackles of society, the limitations of ordinary morality, and assert themselves as a law to themselves, in open revolt against the traditional checks and restraints of orderly society. The most signal instance is of course Napoleon, who behaved indeed as a tyrant to others, requiring absolute obedience to his laws, but who in his own life and acts disregarded and despised all moral restraints as much as the most mediæval sovereign with his theories of divine right, and that the king can do no wrong. His violations of the rights of nations and his waste of human life are, of course, notorious. He represents most perfectly the Superman of certain modern philosophers, whose leading feature is that he can be infra-human without scruple or shame, whenever he desires to satisfy his passions or his greed. But Napoleon's case is only the *reductio ad pessimum* of the tendency which we can perceive in other signal cases, not only among French ruffians but among English gentlemen. The society of Byron, Shelley, Godwin, Trelawney, and of Alfieri had not a little of this flavour. Their passionate outcries against political tyranny encouraged them to detest tyranny in all forms, even when it took the form of moral restraint. This *supermanishness* taints the life of almost

all of them. The notable exceptions are Scott, the greatest, and Wordsworth, the tamest, of the immortals of that day.

These considerations are all-important in judging the life and character of Landon. He was born with a strong and lively frame, of which his longevity is in itself a proof. He was from the first headstrong and ungovernable. In every position that he occupied, at home, at school, at college, he quarrelled with those in authority, and excluded himself from most of the happinesses of life by his inability to confess himself in the wrong. This also marred his education in the ways of the world. Thus he began life by playing the Superman to his own great detriment. But there was fortunately one great congenital restraint, which prevented his further downfall: he was bred an English gentleman, not only with means to live without earning from others, but with the instincts of truth, honour, and chivalry to women engrained in him.

Whatever his youthful gaieties were, he never created any social scandal. The loves he declares to us are not his amours. It was treachery or dishonesty, real or supposed, in others which drove him into absurd violences. In spite of these violences, which of course led him and the public to shun one another, he was capable of a few sincere and lasting friendships, provided only his friends would submit to his occasional outbursts, and treat them as they would those of a naughty child. The worst feature in his life was his impatience of his wife, whom he married when he had reached the sober age of thirty-six, when he ought, if ever, to have acquired some sense and made a careful choice, and when anyone might have foretold that a girl of twenty, with no literary tastes, would sometimes prove teasing and troublesome. But though she was the mother of his children, though she never gave any cause of complaint beyond persisting in her own opinion when they differed, and even taunting him with being much older than herself (what an intolerable crime!), he preferred to desert his home and repudiate all its duties. Here was the Superman indeed full blown, except that he refrained from setting up

to show the tailor's skill. These lay figures are even bedizened with great names, the names of men known to us in history, whose acts and words are wholly at variance with the sentiments attributed to them by Landon. Thus the dialogue between Pitt and Canning represents them as a pair of low, selfish knaves, seeking nothing but their own advancement and importance, and ridiculing all nobler human motives.

The poetry of Landon does not concern us in this essay, except for the reason already adduced, that one part of a great man's character and work throws light upon another. This part of Landon's work may fairly be pronounced *passé*; nobody now thinks of him as a poet, and yet there are men like Macaulay and Kipling who have written excellent and lasting poems, though they are not poets. So Landon has written, not indeed excellent poems, but excellent passages in his poems, which are well worth preserving. This has been done by Mr. Colvin in his *Golden Treasury Selections*, and other selections will probably be made which will sift the wheat from the chaff.

Landon himself tells us that the greatest poets, such as Homer, have plenty of trivial stuff in their writings, and he must therefore have been perfectly aware that his own would be criticized in the same way. He says somewhere that no writer of florid prose is ever a good poet. This statement, like most of his statements, is too general, and therefore false. Both Victor Hugo and Swinburne wrote florid prose, and yet they were real poets. But it is true that when the taste of a nation permits prose to make frequent excursions into the domain of poetry, and deck itself with beauties not properly its own, that nation is likely to spoil its poetry. Of this, modern French literature is a sufficient example. Landon would have been the last to admit that his poetry was a failure because his prose was florid, he was not a master in both, not because his prose was too poetic, but because his poetry was too prosy. Of this even his panegyrists have quoted many examples.

We now come to his best life-work, the great body of reflections, discussions, criticisms, which he has left us in the form of imaginary conversations. I have searched in vain for any account of the reasons why he adopted this form. For the great master of it, the divine Plato, does not evoke his admiration. He tells us that his great and ultimate ambition was to write a full and sustained work on History as expounded by Literature. Yet it is certain that he was drawn by his capricious, versatile temper into the form that was the only proper expression of his genius. For Landor was rather a complex of moods than a rational and consecutive thinker. Hence, also, the defects of his poetry are not wanting in his prose. If there are many passages of great power and beauty, there are also wearisome pages, and, more particularly in the myths or narratives he introduces, there is an absence of that charm which he might have found in the great Greek master of dialogue, whom he fails to appreciate. His characters are not, and were not intended to be, psychological pictures of great men and women, they are only vehicles for the author's opinions, which they discuss from many points of view, and with vast and varied learning. He tells us expressly that he does not let historical accuracy interfere with his free drawing of the situation, and what his characters might, or ought to, have said. He therefore does not, as the romance of Scott does, teach his reader valuable history. It is not education of that kind he desires to convey. He desires to enforce various of his favourite doctrines, to censure the vices he most abhorred, to express, for example, his hatred of tyrants by openly advocating tyrannicide, and by holding up the doers of it as heroes, again, to advocate the virtues he loved, and show brilliant examples of them not adequately recognized by the world. In an Imaginary Conversation between himself and two visitors at his house in Florence, he even gives us an apology for his rudeness to crowned heads as such, and descants upon the solid virtues of Ferdinand, Duke of Tuscany, whose death has just been announced.

The general characteristics which have made these Conversations famous among the select few, and lauded far more than read, are three—the large and versatile knowledge of the author, who seems at home in many periods of literature, and acquainted with many epochs in the history of men; secondly, the variety which they display, thirdly, the perfect style in which they are written, and this last is undoubtedly the chief, and that which has made them survive to the present day. Many of the best judges from their first appearance till now—wellnigh a century—have agreed on this point, and it is not likely that their judgment will be reversed. But there are so many various styles in English prose, and so many differences of opinion as to their relative merit, that it is worth while detaining the reader a little longer with some reflections on this very unsettled question.

Perhaps a man who has never affected any style, but has set down what he had to say in the first words that occurred to him, may be regarded as a more unprejudiced judge than the recognized stylist of a certain school. To the plain man clearness is the first essential, and obscurity the worst defect of prose. Thus Walter Pater, and George Meredith, and Henry James may be clever men, who possess some valuable thoughts, and yet as writers they must be pronounced very bad. On the other side we have, as brilliant examples, Macaulay and Froude, but these avoid the stately period, the greatest splendour in prose, and so fall short of the first place. Ruskin, who makes his grand sentences unroll themselves with perfect clearness, is the greatest master of them all.

From this point of view Landor stands very high. He is generally perfectly clear, and does not avoid writing in the Ciceroan style; though there are not wanting examples where he is for a moment clumsy, and even ambiguous. Thus Mr. Colvin quotes as a perfect specimen the following: "A bell warbles more mellifluously in the air when the sound of the stroke is over, and when another swims out from underneath it, and pants upon the element that gave it birth". It is only

a great master of prose, he says, who could have written this. Without disputing the general proposition, the plain man who looks for accuracy in language and appropriateness in metaphor has here serious fault to find. In the first place a bird or a maiden may warble, a bell that sounds but one tone cannot. To warble distinctly implies a movement in the melody, such as Shakespeare's "division" in the lark's song. The second tone *swims* out, which seems to imply some effort, and this is most unhappily strengthened by the succeeding verb *pants*. And how can the second tone swim out—we should have said "floats"—from underneath the first? The picture is thoroughly confused, and is musically nonsense. It is the sound of such a sentence, and not the meaning, which may charm the reader, already prepossessed with the writer's excellence, and indeed, as Matthew Arnold once observed to me, the sound of the Authorized Version of the Bible is far more important to preserve than the sense, as we have it in the Revised Version. There are many other passages which even Landor's admirers would criticize, and to me there seems frequently an ambiguity, a possible ambiguity, in his relatives, which compels the reader to go back over the sentence—an effort which perfect prose should never demand. But, with these reservations, there can be no doubt that he may count among our great masters. He commands a large and varied vocabulary, yet in his choice was a careful guardian of classical English, and repudiated everything which savoured of inaccuracy or vulgarity. He constantly protests against false uses of words, or bad constructions of sentences. The peculiarities of spelling, on which he insisted with his printers, are all rational approximations to our pronunciation, without impractical attempts at re-writing our venerable language. He was a careful student of the dignity and harmony of his periods, and, if we sometimes feel inclined to question his taste even here, we should remember that this feeling of harmony is very subjective, that it is not ruled by definite laws, hence above all the qualities of prose it is that which depends on the instinct of the writer. Great masters of the same

language differ in this, as do great musical composers, who give to the notes of the same scales and the same harmonics subtle differences of rhythm and composition derived from their original genius. And so Landor differs from Gibbon, as, for example, Mendelssohn does from Handel.

In these later days, when we are all compelled to read so much jejune, vulgar, or inaccurate prose, it is more than ever essential for a literary education to turn back to pure and dignified writing, where we may not only learn the resources of our noble language, but also come under the influence of a lofty mind, that gave us his thoughts not for ambition or for profit, but rather because he was deeply convinced that he had a spiritual mission to ennoble, if not to regenerate, mankind.

J. P. M.

LANDOR'S CHARACTERISTICS

Landor, like Milton, Dryden, and Matthew Arnold, distinguished himself as an author both in prose and verse, but he did greater work as a prose writer than as a poet. Whereas Milton declared that, when he wrote prose, he had only the use of his left hand, Landor, on the contrary, said: "Poetry was always my amusement, prose my study and business". His own estimate of the superiority of his prose work is generally accepted, and his high reputation as an author mainly rests on his *Imaginary Conversations*.

The *Quarterly Review* of 1846, in a criticism of that work, after remarking on Landor's capricious enmities and unreasonable likings, his violent hyperboles of praise and blame, his sweeping assertions, his preference of images to arguments, &c., proceeds as follows. "But, these drawbacks stated, how little in reality they affect the great bulk of these Conversations. What a weighty book they make! How rich in scholarship; how correct, concise, and pure in style, how full of imagination, wit, and humour, how well informed, how bold in speculation, how varied in interest, how universal in sympathy! In these

hundred and twenty-five dialogues the most familiar and the most august shapes of the past are reanimated with vigour, grace, and beauty. . . . At one moment we have politicians discussing the deepest questions of State, at another philosophers still more largely philosophizing, poets talking of philosophy, men of the world of worldly matters. . . . 'Are you certain that in their inferences they are always sound?' is one of the new questions in one of the old Dialogues. 'Indeed, is Mr. Landor's candid and sufficient answer, 'I do not know perfectly that they are, but they will give such exercise in discussing them as always tends to make other men's healthier'. Nothing can more truly indicate what is probably their greatest charm Mr. Landor's genius has a wonderful suggestive quality. Even where he most offends against taste or judgment, he rarely fails to stimulate thought and reflection."

Many of the leading characteristics of Landor's prose style are indicated in the above passage. There also we have an instance of the way in which he often took advantage of the dialogue form when he wished to discuss or answer criticisms directed against his work. For he was eminently capable of turning his keen critical intellect upon himself. In another passage he shows that he was not unconscious that "preference of images to arguments" may be carried too far, for, when Porson floods his remarks with all kinds of ingenious illustrations, Southey prays him to "leave these tropes and metaphors". Some critics bring him severely to task for the want of unity and continuity in his dialogues, but in one of them Southey points out that, if they strictly adhered to one point, the result would be "a disquisition not a conversation". So great is Landor's admiration for Southey that most of the remarks attributed to him may be regarded as expressing Landor's own opinion.

We may enumerate and specify some of the other leading features of Landor's prose style as follows. The same characteristics will also be found in his poetry.

Conciseness.—This is a quality that Landor much appreciated

in other authors and cultivated himself. He especially commended Aristotle because he was "grave and concise". In his verbal criticism of other authors, repetition of the same meaning in different words is a fault that he seldom passed unnoticed. Thus he makes Poisson find fault with the original beginning of Wordsworth's "Laodamia" —

'With sacrifice before the rising morn
Performed, my slaughtered lord have I requir'd.
And in thick darkness, amid shades forlorn,
Him of the infernal Gods have I desired".

on the ground that "performed" is unnecessary, and that the second and the fourth lines express exactly the same meaning. Wordsworth admitted the justice of the criticism, and altered the verses accordingly. In another Conversation, Xenophon is blamed by Cæsar for repeating the same word with its substantive four times in the first sentence of the *Cyropaedia*. Landon even objected to the repetitions in the *Psalms of David*, although they proceed from the principle of parallelism, which is one of the essential features of Hebrew poetry. Still he recognized the possibility of carrying conciseness too far, and greatly admired Cicero, of whom Pollio says in his Conversation with Calvus: "He sometimes is exuberant. Conciseness may be better; but, where there is much wealth, we may excuse a little waste, especially when it falls not unworthily. I confess to you I love a nobility and amplitude of style, provided it never sweeps beyond the subject." Indeed, when we look beyond individual sentences to whole paragraphs and speeches, we shall find Landon to be ample rather than concise. This is owing to the excess of imagery, which the *Quarterly Review* notices as one of his faults. He is almost as fond of illustrations from natural history as the author of *Euphues*, and, like him, generally expresses his similes by juxtaposition without any particle of comparison. Let us take, for instance, the following similes from the Conversation between Bacon and Hooker: "A hound's whelp howleth, if you pluck him up above where he stood: man in much greater peril from falling

doth rejoice"; or on the next page: "Our wits are not always in blossom upon us. When the roses are overcharged and languid, up springs a spike of rue." Here we might imagine ourselves to be reading extracts from *Euphues*, except that Lyly would probably have doubled or trebled his illustrations.

Obscurity in Landon often arises from the excessive conciseness of his sentences. Most writers, if there is the least possibility of being misunderstood, express their meaning in two or three different ways, both to give their readers more time for thinking over the matter and in the hope that, if they fail to understand the first way, they may have another chance given them by reading the same thought expressed again in different words. But Landon, when he thinks he has expressed his meaning clearly once, does not condescend to repeat himself for the benefit of a careless or unintelligent reader. Also in his desire to avoid repetition he too often leaves adjectives without the substantives which they qualify. For instance, in one of the dialogues Landon in his own person remarks.

"Fénelon . . . says of him . . . that he had no idea of his kingly duties. Of what duties had he any?"

Here we have to think for a moment whether after "any" we should understand "duties" or "idea". In such cases Landon appears to be affected by his Latin scholarship, forgetting that in Latin the inflections of adjectives and pronouns show more clearly than in English the nouns they agree with or refer to. Compare Saintsbury's *History of English Prose Rhythm*, p. 333, and Colvin's *Landon*, p. 194.

Still harsher is the ellipse in the following sentence in the Conversation between Lucullus and Cæsar:

"The weakest of women feel so; but even the weakest of them are ashamed to acknowledge it; who hath ever heard any one?"

In the following sentence from *General Lacy and Cura Merino*, but for the punctuation, we should take "mad" as a predicate. We find on reflection that after "mad" we must understand "incapable of throwing off".

"Yet is he as incapable from shame and irresolution of throwing off the liveliest under which he sweats and fumes, as was that stronger one, more generously mad, the gauntlet impoisoned with the life-blood of the Centaur."

In the *Imaginary Conversations* another cause of obscurity is the want of stage directions. If a play is acted, we see with our eyes what the characters are doing. When Shakespeare's Prince Henry, in a soliloquy, says on the stage, "Lo here it sits", we know exactly what he means, for at the same moment we see him putting the crown on his head. But dramatic scenes only intended to be read, if devoid of stage directions, are liable to be misunderstood. Yet Landor in his *Conversations* seldom deigns to give the stage directions which are necessary to make the situation intelligible. We are often unable to infer from the speeches put into their mouths what the actors are doing. In the Numantian Convocation it is difficult to make out when Marius is going up and down the ladder and when he is inside the town. In this and in other ways Landor becomes obscure because he assumes too much intelligence and attention on the part of his readers. Yet he had no deliberate intention of being so, for he highly valued lucidity. Goethe thought that a poet might and should be occasionally obscure, but "I", says Landor, "differ from him and would avoid it everywhere." His own explanation of his obscurity, if he ever is obscure, is that it is due to his not repeating what has been said by other writers. "Perhaps", he says, "the *inductum ore alieno* is my obscurity." On the whole, however, Landor cannot fairly be described as an obscure writer. Generally speaking, in spite of his occasional ellipses, his verbal parsimony, and the absence or paucity of stage directions, his *Imaginary Conversations* and other prose works are characterized by the lucidity of the classical models on which his style is formed.

For he was *classical* rather than *romantic*. On this point there is some difference of opinion among critics. Colvin says that Landor's position may be best defined by saying that he

was "a classic writing in a romantic age". Saintsbury makes the difficult distinction between form and matter, and declares that in Landon's work, especially in his prose, "romantic fancy and classical precision of form meet as they meet nowhere else". Certainly Landon on his own evidence had little sympathy with the romantic revolt. He was not an enthusiastic admirer of Spenser the most romantic of poets. He is no doubt expressing his own opinion when he represents Poisson as saying that there was scarcely a poet of the same eminence whom he found it so delightful to read in and so tedious to read through. (See also introductory note to 'Essex and Spenser'.) He puts into the mouth of his *alter ego*, Southey, the following brilliant illustration of the great features of classical art as opposed to the extravagance of the Elizabethan romantic drama outside Shakespeare. In the Elizabethan drama generally he sees so much "vast exaggeration and insane display" that he compares it to an over-crammed curiosity shop, with its inconmodious appendages, all disorderly and disconnected. "Rather would I find, as you would", Southey goes on, "the well-proportioned hall with its pillars of right dimensions at right distances, with its figures, some in high relief and some in lower, with its statues and its busts of glorious men and women, whom I recognize at first sight, and its tables of the rarest marbles and richest gems, inlaid in glowing porphyry, and supported by imperishable bronze". This is the ideal that Landon not unsuccessfully aimed at realizing in his prose and verse.

When we have settled that Landon belongs to the classical or romantic school of literature, we have next to consider whether his work is inspired by the spirit of the Latin or Greek authors. Here, again, there is difference of opinion among the critics. Professor Mahaffy, whose eminent scholarship gives his opinion on such a subject great weight, cannot believe that Greek literature influenced Landon's intellect and style, that he really felt the artistic splendour of the Greek prose masters. Sir Sidney Colvin, on the contrary, though he admits that "both in style and sentiment Landon's writing was

vitality influenced by Latin models", yet maintains that "from the first he realized for himself, what the classical scholarship of his age was only then beginning to realize, the essential inferiority of the Roman genius to the Greek" His sharp criticism of Boileau, his depreciation of Racine, and his failure to show any interest in Pope show pretty clearly that his classicism was not of the Latin-French kind based on the *Ars Poetica* of Horace and Castelvetro's commentary on Aristotle's *Poetics*. Of all classical authors he most admired and was most influenced by Cicero. He was not perhaps so well read in Greek as in Latin literature, but he knew enough of it to appreciate it thoroughly, and to imbibe from it the lucidity and restraint from all extravagance of style that characterize his finest work in prose and poetry.

In his outlook on life Landon was distinctly *Hellenic* as opposed to *Hebraic*. In modern literature the classical spirit is not only contrasted with the romantic, but also in a somewhat different sense with the Hebraic spirit. In the latter sense the classical is generally called the Hellenic spirit. It has been well said that English literature is based upon two antiquities, ancient Greece and ancient Palestine, the former characterized by love of beauty and joy in life, the latter by a deep solemn religious spirit. Langland, Bunyan, Carlyle may represent the Hebrew influence, while Mallowe, Herrick, and Keats, in spite of his ignorance of the Greek language, are inspired by the Hellenic spirit. We can have no hesitation in assigning Landon to the Hellenic group. His chief characteristic was keen appreciation of beauty in art and literature, and the kind of beauty that he admired, as we have seen above, was the statuesque beauty of clear outlines and regular proportions. It is not without reason that Carlyle called him "the grand old pagan". He was far more impressed by the beauty of Greek mythology than by the sublime glories of Jehovah. There is hardly any eminent English man of letters in whose works less trace of the Bible can be discerned. None of the great kings or prophets of Israel or Judah take part in

his *Imaginary Conversations*. Nearly all the greatest poets and prose writers of England and Scotland—Shakespeare, Buick, Milton, Carlyle, even Byron, interweave in the texture of their works fragments of the Bible to give weight to their most solemn utterances. In Landon's works we hardly ever hit upon those familiar Biblical phrases and allusions to Biblical incidents that are so common elsewhere. In fact he seems studiously to have refrained from this practice, for in one of the Conversations, Barrow bids Newton "avoid, which many grave men have not done, words taken from sacred subjects and from elevated poetry"; and in another Porson criticizes Wordsworth's allusion, in the original Laodamia, to "witness" and "second birth", "which things, however holy and venerable in themselves, stinking and recking to us from the conventicle".

The *Purity* of Landon's style is remarkable. He followed the principle laid down in Cæsar's book on analogy, and shunned every strange word like a rock. In his Conversation with Archdeacon Haie he gives a list of words and uses of words that he would exclude from literature. We must not say that anyone *sought* his bedchamber unless there was some difficulty in finding it. We may not gather *one* but we may gather *two* roses. Such combinations of substantive and adjective as "glorious fruit", "splendid dogs", and "palmy days" he finds inadmissible. In *Paradise Lost*, IV, 1004, he regards the vulgarity of "kicking the beam" as intolerable. His purity does not consist in the rejection of all words not of Teutonic origin that has been aimed at recently by such writers as Freeman. He uses all the riches of the composite English vocabulary, and as the result of his classical scholarship rather prefers long words derived from Latin, which he also found better adapted to the harmonious flow of his stately periods. In his finest passages we see the choice art with which he culled his words, for he truly said of himself that he "hated false words, and sought with care, difficulty, and moroseness those that fitted the thing".

Harmony—Landon's prose is highly distinguished by its

rhythmical harmony Professor Saintsbury, in the *History of English Prose Rhythm*, recognizes fully the magnificence and beauty of his prose harmony, declaring that "at his best he is absolutely successful". Landor agrees with Professor Saintsbury's view that prose, like poetry, has its rhythms, the difference being that the rhythms of prose are more various than those of verse. We must not, therefore, suppose that Landor or any other master of prose laboriously fitted his words into metrical feet. Great authors by their genius pour forth without premeditation harmonious phrases and periods, the music of which the critic may afterwards explain by submitting them to scansion. Although Landor's sentences may be analysed and shown to consist of all kinds of metrical feet, yet he makes his favourite philosopher, Epicurus, blame Aristotle and Plato for "talking diffusely of attending to harmony and clapping rhetorical rules before our mouths in order to produce it. Natural sequences and right subordination of thoughts, and that just proportion of numbers in the sentences which follows a strong conception are the constituents of true harmony". These constituents formed the basis of his prose harmonies, but by comparing the successive editions of his works we see that he carefully corrected his literary work, so as to remove any roughness that marred the perfect polish of his periods. His delicate ear for harmony explains a curious minor characteristic of his prose. "Pardon me", says Lucian to Timotheus after quoting Lucretius, "my unusual fault of quoting. Before I let fall a quotation I must be taken by surprise. I seldom do it in conversation, seldom in composition, for it mars the beauty and unity of style, especially when it invades it from a foreign tongue". The fact that Landor hardly ever inserts any quotations in his prose, except such passages as he wishes to criticize, shows that he is here putting his own opinion into the mouth of Lucian. In spite of his wide reading, he abstained from quotations because he feared they would interrupt the smooth flow of his language.

Originality of subject and treatment is a conspicuous charac-

testistic of Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*. He seldom if ever selects a dramatic scene that has been worked out by any earlier writer. He even carefully abstains from allowing his characters to repeat in his dialogues anything that they are recorded to have said on the pages of history or that is found in their extant literary works if they are authors. We have seen above that in his own opinion his obscurity might be due to the *indictum ore alieno*, to his saying what no one else had said before. He was not, however, so foolish as to suppose that all the thoughts expressed by his characters were absolutely original. He merely laid claim to a certain amount of originality, and suggested that those passages which contain his most original ideas may sometimes not be easily grasped by his readers. Indeed he thought that often he was given undue credit for originality. "My values", he says, "in general know not exactly what they value me for and often take for originality what they have heard and perhaps have said with some slight difference. I have written things which others have written before, not indeed in the same words precisely, and therefore not affecting the reader in the same manner, and these things I should certainly have conceived, whether they had or had not. It is quite impossible that any two men of intellect and imagination should reason long on the same subject and never encounter any similar thought, any similar image".

Humour is not one of the most conspicuous characteristics of Landor. In fact, some of his attempts at humour must be reckoned among his failures. Most readers will agree with Leslie Stephen that they cannot derive much amusement from the long story that Chaucer tells to Boccaccio and Petrarch. The otherwise beautiful allegory of Cytobulus is not improved by the introduction of a rough piece of boyish horse play. A longer attempt at coarse humour occurs in the conversation of Essex and Spenser, but is omitted in our selection, to the great advantage of the piece. The most elaborate humorous work of Landor's is his *Citation and Examination of William Shake-*

sheare, in which he has the audacity not only to imagine the witty speeches that Shakespeare made when he was tried for poaching, but also to provide him with a large number of verses not to be found in his collected works. This *tour de force* was not entirely unsuccessful, for Lamb, whose verdict on humour and on anything connected with Elizabethan literature cannot be disregarded, declared that no one could have written it except Landon or Shakespeare himself. In spite of this high evidence in its favour, and the many witty speeches and humorous situations it contains, the scene is protracted to such a length that it becomes wearisome before the end. The dialogue between Alexander the Great and the Priest of Hammon, in which Landon gives expression to his contempt for the arrogance of kings and the cunning of priests, is a more unqualified success in the sphere of humorous dialogue. All the conversations in our selection are characterized by high seriousness except that between Bacon and Hooker, in which we are diverted by Bacon's transparent selfishness, and by his fall into the trap cleverly set for him by the judicious Hooker.

Pathos is a quality which his admirers may claim for Landon with less likelihood of exciting doubt or contradiction. It would be difficult to conceive anything more pathetic than the conversation between Essex and Spenser. The scene is most artistically planned so as to lead up to the terrible climax at the end in which the reader naturally shares the surprise and sympathy felt by Essex, when at last the long-repressed tale of honour is poured out all at once like a dammed-up stream that has suddenly burst through the barrier that restrained it. There is a more tranquil form of pathos in the last conversation between the great Roman orator and his brother, and in the calm spirit of devotion in which the young bride Godiva determines to save the starving serfs by fulfilling the hard condition imposed by her lord and master. Other exemplifications of the beauty of pathos will be found in the conversations between Tiberius and Vipsania, Lady Lisle and Elizabeth Gaunt, General Kleber and some French officers, and in the highly

wrought scene in which Henry VIII visits Anne Boleyn in prison. When we consider such passages we may venture to regard Landon as an English counterpart of Euripides, whom Aristotle regarded as the most pathetic of the Greek tragedians.

Dramatic Power—Landon cannot, however, be regarded as a great dramatist. A large number of persons are introduced in Landon's *Conversations*, but they are not clearly distinguished either by their sentiments or style of conversation. In spite of a prefatory warning against the "mistake of attributing to the writer any opinions in this book but what are spoken under his own name", they generally express the author's own likes and dislikes. Even when the sentiments of the speakers differ, they give utterance to opinions that have perhaps, at different times, been held by the author. Thus, in the dialogue between Southey and Porson, Southey expresses Landon's more favourable, Porson his less favourable view of Wordsworth's poetry. With the exception of intentionally humorous passages, all the characters represented employ the same stately style of language. The result of this is that very commonplace observations are sometimes expressed in inappropriately grandiloquent language, of which we have an instance in the last sentence of the Conversation between John of Gaunt and Joanna of Kent. As a rule, however, the thoughts are of sufficient distinction for the elevated language in which they are expressed. Landon's dialogues are to a large extent modelled on those of Cicero. When Quinctus is represented by Landon as expressing a wish that his brother had given a greater variety both of topics and characters, Landon is no doubt thinking of objections made against his own dialogues, in which, though there is a considerable variety of topics, the characters are numerous rather than really varied or vividly depicted. To this Cicero answers, and his remark applies as well to Landon's works, that the dialogue of statesmen and philosophers should not resemble the dialogue of comedians. "I introduce grave men and they talk gravely, important subjects and I treat them worthily." On this account the speeches in his dialogues do not give the

sharp discrimination of character that is required in plays composed for the stage. His male characters have not as a rule much individuality, or, if they have any, it is the individuality of the author of their being, nor do they very powerfully attract our love and sympathy. On the other hand, he is so pre-eminently successful in depicting the charm and grace and heroism of girlhood and early womanhood that in this respect he reminds us again of Euripides. Indeed, Sir Sidney Colvin maintains that "hardly Imogen, hardly Cordelia, hardly Desdemona are more nobly realized types of constancy and sweetness, of womanly heroism and womanly resignation than are Landon's Joan of Arc or his Anne Boleyn", or, we may add, his Godiva and his Joanna of Kent. In the representation of such noble types of womanhood he shows real creative genius, although from the nature of his dramatic work they are slight sketches rather than finished portraits.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS

MARCELLUS AND HANNIBAL

Hannibal. Could a Numidian horseman ride no faster? Marcellus! ho! Marcellus! He moves not—he is dead Did he not stir his fingers? Stand wide, soldiers—wide, forty paces—give him air—bring water—halt! gather those broad leaves, and all the rest, growing under the brushwood—unbrace his armour—loose the helmet first—his breast rises I fancied his eyes were fixed on me—they have rolled back again. Who presumed to touch my shoulder? This horse? It was surely the horse of Marcellus! Let no man mount him. Ha! ha! the Romans too sink into luxury. here is gold about the charger.

Gaulish Chieftain. Execrable thief! The golden chain of our king under a beast's grinders! The vengeance of the gods has overtaken the impure——

Hannibal. We will talk about vengeance when we have entered Rome, and about purity among the priests, if they will hear us Sound for the surgeon. That arrow may be extracted from the side, deep as it is. . . . The conqueror of Syracuse lies before me. . . . Send a vessel off to Carthage Say Hannibal is at the gates of Rome.

. . . Marcellus, who stood alone between us, fallen. Brave man! I would rejoice and cannot. . . How awfully serene a countenance! Such as we hear are in the islands of the Blessed. And how glorious a form and stature! Such too was theirs! They also once lay thus upon the earth wet with their blood—few other enter there. And what plain armour!

Gaulish Chieftain. My party slew him—indeed I think I slew him myself. I claim the chain. it belongs to my king the glory of Gaul requires it. Never will she endure to see another take it: rather would she lose her last man. We swear! we swear!

Hannibal My friend, the glory of Marcellus did not require him to wear it. When he suspended the arms of your brave king in the temple, he thought such a tinket unworthy of himself and of Jupiter. The shield he battered down, the breast-plate he pierced with his sword, these he showed to the people and to the gods, hardly his wife and little child saw this, ere his horse wore it.

Gaulish Chieftain Hear me, O Hannibal

Hannibal. What! when Marcellus lies before me? when his life may perhaps be recalled? when I may lead him in triumph to Carthage? when Italy, Sicily, Greece, Asia, wait to obey me! Content thee! I will give thee mine own bridle, worth ten such.

Gaulish Chieftain. For myself?

Hannibal. For thyself.

Gaulish Chieftain. And those rubies and emeralds and that scarlet—

Hannibal Yes, yes.

Gaulish Chieftain. O glorious Hannibal! unconquerable hero! O my happy country! to have such an ally and defender. I swear eternal gratitude—yes, gratitude, love, devotion, beyond eternity.

Hannibal. In all treaties we fix the time: I could hardly ask a longer. Go back to thy station—I would see what the surgeon is about, and hear what he thinks. The life of Marcellus, the triumph of Hannibal! What else has the world in it? Only Rome and Carthage. These follow.

Surgeon. Hardly an hour of life is left.

Marcellus. I must die then! The gods be praised! The commander of a Roman army is no captive.

Hannibal (to the Surgeon). Could not he bear a sea-voyage? Extract the arrow.

Surgeon. He expires that moment.

Marcellus. It pains me. extract it.

Hannibal. Marcellus, I see no expression of pain on your countenance: and never will I consent to hasten the death of an enemy in my power. Since your recovery is hopeless, you say truly you are no captive.

(*To the Surgeon.*) Is there nothing, man, that can assuage the mortal pain? for, suppress the signs of it as he may, he must feel it. Is there nothing to alleviate and allay it?

Marcellus. Hannibal, give me thy hand—thou hast found it and brought it me, compassion.

(*To the Surgeon.*) Go, friend, others want thy aid; several fell around me.

Hannibal. Recommend to your country, O Marcellus, while time permits it, reconciliation and peace with me, informing the Senate of my superiority in force, and the impossibility of resistance. The tablet is ready: let me take off this ring—try to write, to sign it at least. Oh what satisfaction I feel at seeing you able to rest upon the elbow, and even to smile!

Marcellus. Within an hour or less, with how severe a brow would Minos say to me, "Marcellus, is this thy writing?"

Rome loses one man she hath lost many such, and she still hath many left

Hannibal Afraid as you are of falsehood, say you this? I confess in shame the ferocity of my countrymen. Unfortunately too the nearer posts are occupied by Gauls, infinitely more cruel. The Numidians are so in revenge, the Gauls both in revenge and in sport. My presence is required at a distance, and I apprehend the barbarity of one or other, learning, as they must do, your refusal to execute my wishes for the common good, and feeling that by this refusal you deprive them of their country, after so long an absence

Marcellus. Hannibal, thou art not dying

Hannibal. What then? What mean you?

Marcellus That thou mayest, and very justly, have many things yet to apprehend. I can have none. The barbarity of thy soldiers is nothing to me. mine would not dare be cruel. Hannibal is forced to be absent, and his authority goes away with his horse. On this turf lies defaced the semblance of a general, but Marcellus is yet the regulator of his army. Dost thou abdicate a power conferred on thee by thy nation? Or wouldst thou acknowledge it to have become, by thy own sole fault, less plenary than thy adversary's?

I have spoken too much. let me rest. this mantle oppresses me.

Hannibal. I placed my mantle on your head when the helmet was first removed, and while you were lying in the sun. Let me fold it under, and then replace the ring.

Marcellus. Take it, Hannibal. It was given me by a poor woman who flew to me at Syracuse, and who covered it with her hair, torn off in desperation that she had no other gift to offer. Little thought I that her gift and her words should be mine. How suddenly may the most

powerful be in the situation of the most helpless! Let that ring and the mantle under my head be the exchange of guests at parting. The time may come, Hannibal, when thou (and the gods alone know whether as conqueror or conquered) mayest sit under the roof of my children, and in either case it shall serve thee. In thy adverse fortune, they will remember on whose pillow their father breathed his last, in thy prosperous (heaven grant it may shine upon thee in some other country) it will rejoice thee to protect them. We feel ourselves the most exempt from affliction when we relieve it, although we are then the most conscious that it may befall us.

There is one thing here which is not at the disposal of either.

Hannibal. What?

Marcellus. This body.

Hannibal. Whither would you be lifted? Men are ready.

Marcellus. I meant not so. My strength is failing. I seem to hear rather what is within than what is without. My sight and my other senses are in confusion. I would have said, This body, when a few bubbles of air shall have left it, is no more worthy of thy notice than of mine; but thy glory will not let thee refuse it to the piety of my family.

Hannibal. You would ask something else. I perceive an inquietude not visible till now.

Marcellus. Duty and Death make us think of home sometimes.

Hannibal. Thitherward the thoughts of the conqueror and of the conquered fly together.

Marcellus. Hast thou any prisoners from my escort?

Hannibal. A few dying lie about—and let them lie—they are Tuscans. The remainder I saw at a distance, flying, and but one brave man among them—he appeared

a Roman—a youth who turned back, though wounded. They surrounded and dragged him away, spurring his horse with their swords. These Etrurians measure their courage carefully, and tack it well together before they put it on, but throw it off again with lordly ease

Marcellus, why think about them? or does aught else disquiet your thoughts?

Marcellus. I have suppressed it long enough. My son—my beloved son!

Hannibal. Where is he? Can it be? Was he with you?

Marcellus. He would have shared my fate—and has not. Gods of my country! beneficent throughout life to me, in death surpassingly beneficent, I render you, for the last time, thanks

METELLUS AND MARIUS

Metellus. Well met, Caius Marius! My orders are to find instantly a centurion who shall mount the walls, one capable of observation, acute in remark, prompt, calm, active, intrepid. The Numantians are sacrificing to the Gods in secrecy: they have sounded the horn once only, and hoarsely, and low, and mournfully.

Marius. Was that ladder I see yonder among the caper-bushes and purple lilies, under where the fig-tree grows out of the rampart, left for me?

Metellus. Even so, wert thou willing. Wouldst thou mount it?

Marius. Rejoicingly. If none are below or near, may I explore the state of things by entering the city?

Metellus. Use thy discretion in that

What seest thou? Wouldst thou leap down? Lift the ladder.

Marius. Are there spikes in it where it sticks in the turf? I should slip else.

Metellus. How! bravest of our centurions, art even thou afraid? Seest thou any one by?

Marius. Ay, some hundreds close beneath me.

Metellus. Retire then Hasten back; I will protect thy descent

Marius. May I speak, O Metellus, without an offence to discipline?

Metellus. Say.

Marius. Listen! Dost thou not hear?

Metellus. Shame on thee! alight, alight! my shield shall cover thee

Marius. There is a murmur like the hum of bees in the bean-field of Cereate, for the sun is hot, and the ground is thursty. When will it have drunk up for me the blood that has run, and is yet oozing on it, from those fresh bodies?

Metellus. How? We have not fought for many days what bodies then are fresh ones?

Marius. Close beneath the wall are those of infants and of girls in the middle of the road are youths, emaciated, some either unwounded or wounded months ago, some on their spears, others on their swords no few have received in mutual death the last interchange of friendship, their daggers unite them, hilt to hilt, bosom to bosom.

Metellus. Mark rather the living . . . what are they about?

Marius. About the sacrifice, which portends them, I conjecture, but little good It burns sullenly and slowly. The victim will lie upon the pyre till morning, and still be unconsumed, unless they bring more fuel

I will leap down and walk on cautiously, and return with tidings, if death should spare me

Never was any race of mortals so unmilitary as these Numantians no watch, no stations, no palisades across the streets

Metellus. Did they want then all the wood for the altar!

Marius. It appears so—I will return anon.

Metellus. The Gods speed thee, my brave honest Marius!

Marius (returned) The ladder should have been better spiked for that slippery ground. I am down again safe however. Here a man may walk securely, and without picking his steps.

Metellus. Tell me, Caius, what thou sawest.

Marius. The streets of Numantia.

Metellus. Doubtless, but what else?

Marius. The temples and markets and places of exercise and fountains.

Metellus. Art thou crazed, centurion! what more? speak plainly, at once, and briefly.

Marius. I beheld, then, all Numantia.

Metellus. Has terror maddened thee? hast thou described nothing of the inhabitants, but those carcasses under the ramparts?

Marius. Those, O Metellus, lie scattered; although not indeed far asunder. The greater part of the soldiers and citizens, of the fathers, husbands, widows, wives, espoused, were assembled together.

Metellus. About the altar?

Marius. Upon it.

Metellus. So busy and earnest in devotion! but how all upon it?

Marius. It blazed under them and over them and round about them.

Metellus. Immortal Gods! Art thou sane, Caius Marius! Thy visage is scorched. thy speech may

wander after such an enterprise: thy shield burns my hand.

Marius. I thought it had cooled again. Why, truly, it seems hot: I now feel it.

Metellus. Wipe off those embers

Marius. 'T were better: there will be none opposite to shake them upon, for some time

The funereal horn, that sounded with such feebleness, sounded not so from the faint heart of him who blew it. Him I saw; him only of the living. Should I say it? there was another: there was one child whom its parent could not kill, could not part from. She had hidden it in her robe, I suspect; and, when the fire had reached it, either it shrieked or she did. For suddenly a cry pierced through the crackling pinewood, and something round in figure fell from brand to brand, until it reached the pavement, at the feet of him who had blown the horn. I rushed toward him; for I wanted to hear the whole story, and felt the pressure of time. Condemn not my weakness, O Cæcilius! I wished an enemy to live an hour longer; for my orders were to explore and bring intelligence. When I gazed on him, in highth almost gigantic, I wondered not that the blast of his trumpet was so weak: rather did I wonder that Famine, whose hand had indented every limb and feature, had left him any voice articulate. I rushed toward him however, ere my eyes had measured either his form or strength. He held the child against me, and staggered under it.

"Behold," he exclaimed, "the glorious ornament of a Roman triumph!"

I stood horror-stricken; when suddenly drops, as of rain, pattered down from the pyre. I looked, and many were the precious stones, many were the amulets and rings and bracelets, and other barbaric ornaments, unknown to me in form or purpose, that tinkled on the

hardened and black branches, from mothers and wives and betrothed maids, and some too, I can imagine, from robuster arms, things of joyance, won in battle. The crowd of incumbent bodies was so dense and heavy, that neither the fire nor the smoke could penetrate upward from among them, and they sank, whole and at once, into the smouldering cavern eaten out below. He at whose neck hung the trumpet, felt this, and started.

"There is yet room," he cried, "and there is strength enough yet both in the element and in me."

He extended his withered arms, he thrust forward the gaunt links of his throat, and upon gnarled knees, that smote each other audibly, tottered into the civic fire. It, like some hungry and strangest beast in the innermost wilds of Africa, pierced, broken, prostrate, motionless, gazed at by its hunter in the impatience of glory, in the delight of awe, panted once more, and seized him.

I have seen within this hour, O Metellus! what Rome in the cycle of her triumphs will never see, what the Sun in his eternal course can never show her, what the Earth has borne but now and must never rear again for her, what Victory herself has envied her—a Numantian

Metellus. We shall feast to-morrow. I hope, Caius Marius, to become a tribune trust in Fortune

Marius. Augurics are surer surest of all is perseverance.

Metellus. I hope the wine has not grown vapid in my tent. I have kept it waiting, and must now report to Scipio the intelligence of our discovery. Come after me, Caius

Marius (alone). The tribune is the discoverer! the centurion is the scout! Caius Marius must enter more Numantias. Light-hearted Cæcilius, thou mayest perhaps hereafter, and not with humbled but with exulting pride, take orders from this hand. If Scipio's words are

fate, and to me they sound so, the portals of the Capitol may shake before my chariot, as my horses plunge back at the applauses of the people, and Jove in his high domicile may welcome the citizen of Arpinum.

JOHN OF GAUNT AND JOANNA OF KENT

Joanna. How is this, my cousin, that you are besieged in your own house, by the citizens of London? I thought you were their idol.

Gaunt. If their idol, madam, I am one which they may tread on as they list when down, but which, by my soul and knighthood! the ten best battle-axes among them shall find it hard work to unshrine.

Pardon me—I have no right perhaps to take or touch this hand—yet, my sister, bricks and stones and arrows are not presents fit for you—let me conduct you some paces hence.

Joanna. I will speak to those below in the street—quit my hand: they shall obey me.

Gaunt. If you intend to order my death, madam, your guards who have entered my court, and whose spurs and halberds I hear upon the staircase, may overpower my domestics, and, seeing no such escape as becomes my dignity, I submit to you. Behold my sword at your feet! Some formalities, I trust, will be used in the proceedings against me. Entitle me, in my attainder, not John of Gaunt, not Duke of Lancaster, not King of Castile; nor commemorate my father, the most glorious of princes, the vanquisher and pardoner of the most powerful; nor style me, what those who loved or who flattered me did when I was happier, cousin to the Fair Maid of Kent. Joanna! those days are over! But no

enemy, no law, no eternity can take away from me, or move further off, my affinity in blood to the conqueror in the field of Cressy, of Poitiers, and Najora. Edward was my brother when he was but your cousin, and the edge of my shield has clinked on his in many a battle. Yes, we were ever near, if not in worth, in danger

Joanna. Attainder! God avert it! Duke of Lancaster, what dark thought— Alas! that the Regency should have known it! I came hither, sir, for no such purpose, as to ensnare or incriminate or alarm you.

These weeds might surely have protected me from the fresh tears you have drawn forth

Gaunt. Sister, be comforted! this visor too has felt them.

Joanna. O my Edward! my own so lately! Thy memory—thy beloved image—which never hath abandoned me—makes me bold: I dare not say generous; for in saying it I should cease to be so—and who could be called generous by the side of thee! I will rescue from perdition the enemy of my son.

Cousin, you loved your brother love then what was dearer to him than his life protect what he, valiant as you have seen him, cannot! The father, who foiled so many, hath left no enemies: his innocent child, who can injure no one, finds them!

Why have you unlaced and laid aside your visor? Do not expose your body to those missiles. Hold your shield before yourself, and step aside. I need it not. I am resolved—

Gaunt. On what, my cousin? Speak, and by the Lord! it shall be done. This breast is your shield, this arm is mine

Joanna. Heavens! who could have hurled those masses of stone from below! they stunned me. Did they descend all of them together? or did they split into fragments on hitting the pavement?

Gaunt. Truly I was not looking that way: they came, I must believe, while you were speaking.

Joanna Aside! aside! further back! disregard *me*! Look! that last arrow sticks half its head deep in the wainscot. It shook so violently, I did not see the feather at first.

No, no, Lancaster! I will not permit it. Take your shield up again, and keep it all before you. Now step aside—I am resolved to prove whether the people will hear me.

Gaunt. Then, madam, by your leave——

Joanna. Hold! forbear! Come hither! hither—not forward

Gaunt. Villains! take back to your kitchens those spits and skewers that you forsooth would fain call swords and arrows; and keep your bricks and stones for your graves!

Joanna. Imprudent man! who can save you? I shall be frightened. I must speak at once.

O good kind people! ye who so greatly loved me, when I am sure I had done nothing to deserve it, have I (unhappy me!) no merit with you now, when I would assuage your anger, protect your fair fame, and send you home contented with yourselves and me! Who is he, worthy citizens, whom ye would drag to slaughter?

True indeed he did revile some one, neither I nor you can say whom, some feaster and rioter, it seems, who had little right (he thought) to carry sword or bow, and who, to show it, hath slunk away. And then another raised his anger; he was indignant that, under his roof, a woman should be exposed to stoning. Which of you would not be as choleric in a like affront? In the house of which among you, should I not be protected as resolutely?

No, no: I never can believe those angry cries. Let none ever tell me again he is the enemy of my son, of his

king, your darling child Richard. Are your fears more lively than a poor weak female's? than a mother's? yours, whom he hath so often led to victory, and praised to his father, naming each—He, John of Gaunt, the defender of the helpless, the comforter of the desolate, the rallying signal of the desperately brave!

Retire, Duke of Lancaster! This is no time——

Gaunt. Madam, I obey but not through terror of that puddle at the house-door, which my handful of dust would dry up. Deign to command me!

Joanna. In the name of my son then, retire!

Gaunt. Angelic goodness! I must fairly win it.

Joanna. I think I know his voice that crieth out, "Who will answer for him?" An honest and loyal man's, one who would counsel and save me in any difficulty and danger. With what pleasure and satisfaction, with what perfect joy and confidence, do I answer our right-trusty and well-judging friend!

"Let Lancaster bring his sureties," say you, "and we separate." A moment yet before we separate, if I might delay you so long, to receive your sanction of those sureties, for in such grave matters it would ill become us to be over-hasty. I could bring fifty, I could bring a hundred, not from among soldiers, not from among courtiers, but selected from yourselves, were it equitable and fair to show such partialities, or decorous in the parent and guardian of a king to offer any other than herself.

Raised by the hand of the Almighty from amidst you, but still one of you, if the mother of a family is a part of it, here I stand, surety for John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, for his loyalty and allegiance.

Gaunt (running back toward Joanna). Are the rioters then bursting into the chamber through the windows?

Joanna. The windows and doors of this solid edifice

rattled and shook at the people's acclamation. My word is given for you this was theirs in return. Lancaster! what a voice have the people when they speak out! It shakes me with astonishment, almost with consternation, while it establishes the throne: what must it be when it is lifted up in vengeance!

Gaunt Wind, vapour——

Joanna Which none can wield nor hold. Need I say this to my cousin of Lancaster?

Gaunt Rather say, madam, that there is always one star above which can tranquillise and control them.

Joanna Go, cousin! another time more sincerity!

Gaunt. You have this day saved my life from the people for I now see my danger better, when it is no longer close before me. My Christ! if ever I forget——

Joanna Swear not every man in England hath sworn what you would swear. But if you abandon my Richard, my brave and beautiful child, may—— Oh! I could never curse, nor wish an evil but, if you desert him in the hour of need, you will think of those who have not deserted you, and your own great heart will lie heavy on you, Lancaster!

Am I graver than I ought to be, that you look dejected? Come then, gentle cousin, lead me to my horse, and accompany me home. Richard will embrace us tenderly. Every one is dear to every other upon rising out fresh from peril affectionately then will he look, sweet boy, upon his mother and his uncle! Never mind how many questions he may ask you, nor how strange ones. His only displeasure, if he has any, will be, that he stood not against the rotters, or amongst them.

Gaunt. Older than he have been as fond of mischief, and as fickle in the choice of a party.

I shall tell him that, coming to blows, the assailant is often in the right, that the assailed is always.

LEOFRIC AND GODIVA

Godiva. There is a dearth in the land, my sweet Leofric! Remember how many weeks of drought we have had, even in the deep pastures of Leicestershire, and how many Sundays we have heard the same prayers for rain, and supplications that it would please the Lord in his mercy to turn aside his anger from the poor pining cattle. You, my dear husband, have imprisoned more than one malefactor for leaving his dead ox in the public way; and other hinds have fled before you out of the traces, in which they and their sons and their daughters, and haply their old fathers and mothers, were dragging the abandoned wain homeward. Although we were accompanied by many brave spearmen and skilful archers, it was perilous to pass the creatures which the farm-yard dogs, driven from the hearth by the poverty of their masters, were tearing and devouring, while others, bitten and lamed, filled the air either with long and deep howls or sharp and quick barkings, as they struggled with hunger and feebleness, or were exasperated by heat and pain. Nor could the thyme from the heath, nor the bruised branches of the fir-tree, extinguish or abate the foul odour.

Leofric. And now, Godiva my darling, thou art afraid we should be eaten up before we enter the gates of Coventry; or perchance that in the gardens there are no roses to greet thee, no sweet herbs for thy mat and pillow.

Godiva. Leofric, I have no such fears. This is the month of roses. I find them everywhere since my blessed marriage. They and all other sweet herbs, I know not why, seem to greet me wherever I look at them, as though they knew and expected me. Surely they cannot feel that I am fond of them.

Leofric. O light laughing simpleton! But what wouldst thou? I came not hither to pray; and yet if praying would satisfy thee, or remove the drought, I would ride up straightway to Saint Michael's and pray until morning.

Godiva. I would do the same, O Leofric! but God hath turned away his ear from holier lips than mine. Would my own dear husband hear me, if I implored him for what is easier to accomplish? what he can do like God?

Leofric. How! what is it?

Godiva. I would not, in the first hurry of your wrath, appeal to you, my loving lord, in behalf of these unhappy men who have offended you.

Leofric. Unhappy! is that all?

Godiva. Unhappy they must surely be, to have offended you so grievously. What a soft air breathes over us! how quiet and serene and still an evening! how calm are the heavens and the earth! shall none enjoy them? not even we, my Leofric! The sun is ready to set: let it never set, O Leofric, on your anger. These are not my words, they are better than mine; should they lose their virtue from my unworthiness in uttering them!

Leofric. Godiva, wouldst thou plead to me for rebels?

Godiva. They have then drawn the sword against you! Indeed I knew it not.

Leofric. They have omitted to send me my dues, established by my ancestors, well knowing of our nuptials, and of the charges and festivities they require, and that in a season of such scarcity my own lands are insufficient.

Godiva. If they were starving as they said they were——

Leofric. Must I starve too? Is it not enough to lose my vassals?

Godiva. Enough! O God! too much! too much!

may you never lose them! Give them life, peace, comfort, contentment. There are those among them who kissed me in my infancy, and who blessed me at the baptismal font. Leofric, Leofric! the first old man I meet I shall think is one of those, and I shall think on the blessing he gave, and (ah me!) on the blessing I bring back to him. My heart will bleed, will burst--and he will weep at it! he will weep, poor soul, for the wife of a cruel lord who denounces vengeance on him, who carries death into his family!

Leofric. We must hold solemn festivals.

Godiva. We must indeed.

Leofric. Well then.

Godiva. Is the clamorousness that succeeds the death of God's dumb creatures, are crowded halls, are slaughtered cattle, festivals? Are maddening songs and giddy dances, and hireling praises from party-coloured coats? Can the voice of a minstrel tell us better things of ourselves than our own internal one might tell us, or can his breath make our breath softer in sleep? O my beloved! let everything be a joyance to us: it will, if we will. Sad is the day, and worse must follow, when we hear the blackbird in the garden and do not throb with joy. But, Leofric, the high festival is strown by the servant of God upon the heart of man. It is gladness, it is thanksgiving, it is the orphan, the starveling pressed to the bosom, and bidden as its first commandment to remember its benefactor. We will hold this festival, the guests are ready: we may keep it up for weeks, and months, and years together, and always be the happier and the richer for it. The beverage of this feast, O Leofric, is sweeter than bee or flower or vine can give us: it flows from heaven, and in heaven will it abundantly be poured out again, to him who pours it out here unsparingly.

Leofric. Thou art wild.

Godiva. I have indeed lost myself. Some Power, some good kind Power, melts me (body and soul and voice) into tenderness and love. O, my husband, we must obey it. Look upon me! look upon me! lift your sweet eyes from the ground! I will not cease to supplicate, I dare not.

Leofric. We may think upon it.

Godiva. Never say that! What! think upon goodness when you can be good! Let not the infants cry for sustenance! The mother of our blessed Lord will hear them, us never, never afterward.

Leofric. Here comes the bishop: we are but one mile from the walls. Why dismountest thou? no bishop can expect it. Godiva! my honour and rank among men are humbled by this. Earl Godwin will hear of it. up! up! the bishop hath seen it. he urgeth his horse onward. dost thou not hear him now upon the solid turf behind thee?

Godiva. Never, no, never will I rise, O Leofric, until you remit this most impious tax, this tax on hard labour, on hard life

Leofric. Turn round. look how the fat nag canters, as to the tune of a sinner's psalm, slow and hard-breathing. What reason or right can the people have to complain, while their bishop's steed is so sleek and well caparisoned? Inclination to change, desire to abolish old usages.... Up! up! for shame! They shall smart for it, idlers! Sir bishop, I must blush for my young bride.

Godiva. My husband, my husband! will you pardon the city?

Leofric. Sir bishop! I could not think you would have seen her in this plight. Will I pardon? yea, Godiva, by the holy rood, will I pardon the city, when thou ridest naked at noontide through the streets.

Godiva O my dear cruel Leofric, where is the heart you gave me! It was not so! Can mine have hardened it!

Bishop. Earl, thou abashest thy spouse, she turneth pale and weepeth. Lady Godiva, peace be with thee.

Godiva. Thanks, holy man! peace will be with me when peace is with your city. Did you hear my lord's cruel word?

Bishop. I did, lady

Godiva. Will you remember it, and pray against it?

Bishop. Wilt *thou* forget it, daughter?

Godiva. I am not offended.

Bishop. Angel of peace and purity!

Godiva. But treasure it up in your heart: deem it an incense, good only when it is consumed and spent, ascending with prayer and sacrifice. And now what was it?

Bishop. Christ save us! that he will pardon the city when thou ridest naked through the streets at noon.

Godiva. Did he not swear an oath?

Bishop. He sware by the holy rood.

Godiva. My Redeemer! thou hast heard it! save the city!

Leofric. We are now upon the beginning of the pavement these are the suburbs let us think of feasting: we may pray afterward. to-morrow we shall rest.

Godiva. No judgments then to-morrow, Leofric?

Leofric. None. we will carouse.

Godiva. The saints of heaven have given me strength and confidence: my prayers are heard the heart of my beloved is now softened.

Leofric. Ay, ay...(aside) they shall smart though.

Godiva. Say, dearest Leofric, is there indeed no other hope, no other mediation?

Leofric. I have sworn: beside, thou hast made me

redde[n] and turn my face away from thee, and all the knaves have seen it· this adds to the city's crime

Godiva I have blushed too, Leofric, and was not rash nor obdurate.

Leofric. But thou, my sweetest, art given to blushing, there is no conquering it in thee I wish thou hadst not alighted so hastily and roughly it hath shaken down a sheaf of thy hair· take heed thou sit not upon it, lest it anguish thee. Well done! it mingleth now sweetly with the cloth of gold upon the saddle, running here and there, as if it had life and faculties and business, and were working thereupon some newer and cunninger device. O my beauteous Eve! there is a Paradise about thee! the world is refreshed as thou movest and breathest on it. I cannot see or think of evil where thou art. I could throw my arms even here about thee. No signs for me! no shaking of sunbeams! no reproof or frown or wonderment . . . I *will* say it . now then for worse . . . I could close with my kisses thy half-open lips, ay, and those lovely and loving eyes, before the people

Godiva. To-morrow you shall kiss me, and they shall bless you for it. I shall be very pale, for to-night I must fast and pray

Leofric. I do not hear thee, the voices of the folks are so loud under this archway.

Godiva (to herself) God help them! good kind souls! I hope they will not crowd about me so to-morrow O Leofric! could my name be forgotten! and yours alone remembered! But perhaps my innocence may save me from reproach! and how many as innocent are in fear and famine! No eye will open on me but fresh from tears. What a young mother for so large a family! Shall my youth harm me! Under God's hand it gives me courage. Ah, when will the morning come! ah, when will the noon be over!

ESSEX AND SPENSER

Essex Instantly on hearing of thy arrival from Ireland, I sent a message to thee, good Edmund, that I might learn from one so judicious and dispassionate as thou art, the real state of things in that distracted country, it having pleased the queen's majesty to think of appointing me her deputy, in order to bring the rebellious to submission

Spenser Wisely and well considered, but more worthily of her judgment than her affection. May your lordship overcome, as you have ever done, the difficulties and dangers you foresee.

Essex. We grow weak by striking at random, and knowing that I must strike, and strike heavily, I would fain see exactly where the stroke shall fall.

[A long and severely sarcastic attack on the Irish by Essex follows here but is omitted.]

Now what tale have you for us?

Spenser Interrogate me, my lord, that I may answer each question distinctly, my mind being in sad confusion at what I have seen and undergone.

Essex. Give me thy account and opinion of these very affairs as thou leftest them, for I would rather know one part well than all imperfectly; and the violences of which I have heard within the day surpass belief

Why weepest thou, my gentle Spenser? Have the rebels sacked thy house?

Spenser. They have plundered and utterly destroyed it.

Essex. I grieve for thee, and will see thee righted.

Spenser In this they have little harmed me.

Essex How! I have heard it reported that thy grounds are fertile, and thy mansion large and pleasant.

Spenser. If river and lake and meadow-ground and mountain could render any place the abode of pleasantness, pleasant was mine, indeed!

On the lovely banks of Mulla I found deep contentment. Under the dark alders did I muse and meditate. Innocent hopes were my gravest cares, and my play-fullest fancy was with kindly wishes. Ah! surely of all cruelties the worst is to extinguish our kindness. Mine is gone. I love the people and the land no longer. My lord, ask me not about them, I may speak injuriously.

Essex. Think rather then of thy happier hours and busier occupations, these likewise may instruct me.

Spenser. The first seeds I sowed in the garden, ere the old castle was made habitable for my lovely bride, were acorns from Penshurst. I planted a little oak before my mansion at the birth of each child. My sons, I said to myself, shall often play in the shade of them when I am gone, and every year shall they take the measure of their growth, as fondly as I take theirs.

Essex. Well, well; but let not this thought make thee weep so bitterly.

Spenser. Poison may ooze from beautiful plants, deadly grief from dearest reminiscences.

I *must* grieve, I *must* weep: it seems the law of God, and the only one that men are not disposed to contravene. In the performance of this alone do they effectually aid one another.

Essex. Spenser! I wish I had at hand any arguments or persuasions, of force sufficient to remove thy sorrow: but really I am not in the habit of seeing men grieve at anything, except the loss of favour at court, or of a hawk, or of a buck-hound. And were I to swear out my condolences to a man of thy discernment, in the same round roll-call phrases we employ with one another upon these occasions, I should be guilty, not of insincerity, but

of insolence. True grief hath ever something sacred in it, and when it visiteth a wise man and a brave one, is most holy.

Nay, kiss not my hand. he whom God smiteth hath God with him. In his presence what am I?

Spenser Never so great, my lord, as at this hour, when you see aright who is greater. May He guide your counsels, and preserve your life and glory!

Essex Where are thy friends? Are they with thee?

Spenser Ah, where, indeed! Generous, true-hearted Philip! where art thou! whose presence was unto me peace and safety, whose smile was contentment, and whose praise renown. My lord! I can not but think of him among still heavier losses: he was my earliest friend, and would have taught me wisdom.

Essex Pastoral poetry, my dear Spenser, doth not require tears and lamentations. Dry thine eyes; rebuild thine house: the queen and council, I venture to promise thee, will make ample amends for every evil thou hast sustained. What! does that enforce thee to wail yet louder?

Spenser Pardon me, bear with me, most noble heart! I have lost what no council, no queen, no Essex, can restore.

Essex We will see that. There are other swords, and other arms to wield them, beside a Leicester's and a Raleigh's. Others can crush their enemies and serve their friends.

Spenser O my sweet child! And of many so powerful, many so wise and so beneficent, was there none to save thee? None! none!

Essex I now perceive that thou lamentest what almost every father is destined to lament. Happiness must be bought, although the payment may be delayed. Consider; the same calamity might have befallen thee here

in London. Neither the houses of ambassadors, nor the palaces of kings, nor the altars of God himself, are asylums against death. How do I know but under this very roof there may sleep some latent calamity, that in an instant shall cover with gloom every inmate of the house, and every far dependant?

Spenser. God avert it!

Essex. Every day, every hour of the year, do hundreds mourn what thou mournest

Spenser. Oh, no, no, no! Calamities there are around us, calamities there are all over the earth; calamities there are in all seasons; but none in any season, none in any place, like mine.

Essex. So say all fathers, so say all husbands. Look at any old mansion-house, and let the sun shine as gloriously as it may on the golden vanes, or the arms recently quartered over the gateway, or the embayed window, and on the happy pair that haply is toying at it, nevertheless, thou mayest say that of a certainty the same fabric hath seen much sorrow within its chambers, and heard many wailings; and each time this was the heaviest stroke of all. Funerals have passed along through the stout-hearted knights upon the wainscot, and amid the laughing nymphs upon the arias. Old servants have shaken their heads, as if somebody had deceived them, when they found that beauty and nobility could perish.

Edmund! the things that are too true pass by us as if they were not true at all, and when they have singled us out, then only do they strike us. Thou and I must go too. Perhaps the next year may blow us away with its fallen leaves.

Spenser. For you, my lord, many years (I trust) are waiting. I never shall see those fallen leaves. No leaf, no bud, will spring upon the earth before I sink into her breast for ever.

Essex. Thou, who art wiser than most men, shouldst bear with patience, equanimity, and courage, what is common to all.

Spenser. Enough! enough! enough! Have all men seen their infant burned to ashes before their eyes?

Essex. Gracious God! Merciful Father! what is this?

Spenser. Burned alive! burned to ashes! burned to ashes! The flames dart their serpent tongues through the nursery-window. I cannot quit thee, my Elizabeth! I cannot lay down our Edmund. Oh these flames! they persecute, they enthrall me, they curl round my temples, they hiss upon my brain, they taunt me with their fierce foul voices, they carp at me, they wither me, they consume me, throwing back to me a little of life, to roll and suffer in, with their fangs upon me. Ask me, my lord, the things you wish to know from me; I may answer them; I am now composed again. Command me, my gracious lord! I would yet serve you; soon I shall be unable. You have stooped to raise me up; you have borne with me, you have pitied me, even like one not powerful; you have brought comfort, and will leave it with me; for gratitude is comfort.

Oh! my memory stands all a tip-toe on one burning point: when it drops from it, then it perishes. Spare me. ask me nothing; let me weep before you in peace, the kindest act of greatness.

Essex. I should rather have dared to mount into the midst of the conflagration than I now dare intreat thee not to weep. The tears that overflow thy heart, my Spenser, will staunch and heal it in their sacred stream, but not without hope in God.

Spenser. My hope in God is that I may soon see again what he has taken from me. Amid the myriads of angels there is not one so beautiful and even he (if there be any) who is appointed my guardian, could never

love me so Ah! these are idle thoughts, vain wanderings, distempered dreams. If there ever were guardian angels, he who so wanted one, my helpless boy, would not have left these arms upon my knees.

Essex. God help and sustain thee, too gentle Spenser! I never will desert thee. But what am I? Great they have called me! Alas, how powerless then and infantile is greatness in the presence of calamity!

Come, give me thy hand. let us walk up and down the gallery. Bravely done! I will envy no more a Sidney or a Raleigh

LORD BACON AND RICHARD HOOKER

Bacon. Hearing much of your worthiness and wisdom, Master Richard Hooker, I have besought your comfort and consolation in this my too heavy affliction for we often do stand in need of hearing what we know full well, and our own balsams must be poured into our breasts by another's hand As the air at our doors is sometimes more expeditious in removing pain and heaviness from the body than the most far-fetched remedies would be, so the voice alone of a neighbourly and friendly visitant may be more effectual in assuaging our sorrows, than whatever is most forcible in rhetoric and most recondite in wisdom. On these occasions we cannot put ourselves in a posture to receive the latter, and still less are we at leisure to look into the corners of our store-room, and to uncurl the leaves of our references. As for Memory, who, you may tell me, would save us the trouble, she is foot-sore enough in all conscience with me, without going further back. Withdrawn as you live from court and courtly men, and having ears occupied by better reports than such as are flying about me, yet haply

so hard a case as mine, befalling a man heretofore not averse from the studies in which you take delight, may have touched you with some concern.

Hooker. I do think, my lord of Verulam, that, unhappy as you appear, God in sooth has foregone to chasten you, and that the day which in his wisdom he appointed for your trial, was the very day on which the King's Majesty gave unto your ward and custody the great seal of his English realm. And yet perhaps it may be, let me utter it without offence, that your features and stature were from that day forward no longer what they were before. Such an effect do power and rank and office produce even on prudent and religious men

A hound's whelp howleth if you pluck him up above where he stood man, in much greater peril from falling, doth rejoice. You, my Lord, as becometh you, are smitten and contrite, and do appear in deep wretchedness and tribulation to your servants and those about you, but I know that there is always a balm which lies uppermost in these afflictions, and that no heart rightly softened can be very sore.

Bacon And yet, Master Richard, it is surely no small matter to lose the respect of those who looked up to us for countenance; and the favour of a right learned king, and, O Master Hooker! such a power of money! But money is mere dross. I should always hold it so, if it possessed not two qualities, that of making men treat us reverently, and that of enabling us to help the needy.

Hooker. The respect, I think, of those who respect us for what a fool can give and a rogue can take away, may easily be dispensed with; but it is indeed a high prerogative to help the needy, and when it pleases the Almighty to deprive us of it, let us believe that he foreknoweth our inclination to negligence in the charge entrusted to us,

and that in his mercy he hath removed from us a most fearful responsibility.

Bacon I know a number of poor gentlemen to whom I could have rendered aid

Hooker. Have you examined and sifted their worthiness?

Bacon. Well and deeply

Hooker Then must you have known them long before your adversity, and while the means of succouring them were in your hands

Bacon You have circumvented and entrapped me, Master Hooker Faith! I am mortified: you the schoolman, I the schoolboy!

Hooker Say not so, my Lord. Your years indeed are fewer than mine, by seven or thereabout, but your knowledge is far higher, your experience richer. Our wits are not always in blossom upon us When the roses are overcharged and languid, up springs a spike of rue. Mortified on such an occasion! God forsend it! But again to the business.—I should never be over-penitent for my neglect of needy gentlemen who have neglected themselves much worse. They have chosen their profession with its chances and contingencies. If they had protected their country by their courage or adorned it by their studies, they would have merited, and, under a king of such learning and such equity, would have received in some sort their reward. I look upon them as so many old cabinets of ivory and tortoise-shell, scratched, flawed, splintered, rotten, defective both within and without, hard to unlock, insecure to lock up again, unfit to use

Bacon. Methinks it beginneth to rain, Master Richard. What if we comfort our bodies with a small cup of wine, against the ill-temper of the air. Wherefore, in God's name, are you affrightened?

Hooker. Not so, my Lord; not so.

Bacon. What then affects you?

Hooker. Why, indeed, since your Lordship interrogates me—I looked, idly and imprudently, into that rich buffet; and I saw, unless the haze of the weather has come into the parlour, or my sight is the worse for last night's reading, no fewer than six silver pints. Surely, six tables for company are laid only at coronations.

Bacon. There are many men so squeamish that forsooth they would keep a cup to themselves, and never communicate it to their nearest and best friend; a fashion which seems to me offensive in an honest house, where no disease of ill repute ought to be feared. We have lately, Master Richard, adopted strange fashions; we have run into the wildest luxuries. The Lord Leicester, I heard it from my father—God forfend it should ever be recorded in our history—when he entertained queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle, laid before her Majesty a fork of pure silver. I the more easily credit it, as Master Thomas Coriatt doth vouch for having seen the same monstrous sign of voluptuousness at Venice. We are surely the especial favourites of Providence, when such wantonness hath not melted us quite away. After this portent, it would otherwise have appeared incredible that we should have broken the Spanish Armada.

Pledge me: hither comes our wine.

(*To the Servant.*) Dolt! villain! is not this the beverage I reserve for myself?

The blockhead must imagine that Malmsey runs in a stream under the ocean, like the Alpheus. Bear with me, good Master Hooker, but verily I have little of this wine, and I keep it as a medicine for my many and growing infirmities. You are healthy at present. God in his infinite mercy long maintain you so! Weaker drink is more wholesome for you. The lighter ones of France

are best accommodated by Nature to our constitutions, and therefore she has placed them so within our reach, that we have only to stretch out our necks, in a manner, and drink them from the vat. But this Malmsey, this Malmsey, flies from centre to circumference, and makes youthful blood boil.

Hooker. Of a truth, my knowledge in such matters is but spare. My Lord of Canterbury once ordered part of a goblet, containing some strong Spanish wine, to be taken to me from his table, when I dined by sufferance with his chaplains, and, although a most discreet, prudent man, as becometh his high station, was not so chary of my health as your Lordship. Wine is little to be trifled with, physic less. The Cretans, the brewers of this Malvasy, have many aromatic and powerful herbs among them. On their mountains, and notably on Ida, grows that dittany which works such marvels, and which perhaps may give activity to this hot medicinal drink of theirs. I would not touch it, knowingly. An unregarded leaf, dropt into it above the ordinary, might add such puissance to the concoction as almost to break the buckles in my shoes: since we have good and valid authority, that the wounded hart, on eating thereof, casts the arrow out of his haunch or entrails, although it stuck a palm deep.

Bacon. When I read of such things I doubt them. Religion and politics belong to God and to God's vicegerent the King. we must not touch upon them unadvisedly but if I could procure a plant of dittany on easy terms, I would persuade my apothecary and my gamekeeper to make some experiments.

Hooker. I dare not distrust what grave writers have declared, in matters beyond my knowledge.

Bacon. Good Master Hooker, I have read many of your reasonings; and they are admirably well sustained:

added to which, your genius has given such a strong current to your language as can come only from a mighty elevation and a most abundant plentuousness. Yet forgive me, in God's name, my worthy Master, if you descried in me some expression of wonder at your simplicity. We are all weak and vulnerable somewhere. common men in the higher parts, heroes, as was feigned of Achilles, in the lower. You would define to a hair's breadth, the qualities, states, and dependencies of Principalities, Dominations, and Powers; you would be unerring about the Apostles and the Churches, and 'tis marvellous how you wander about a pot-herb!

Hooker. I know my poor weak intellects, most noble Lord, and how scantily they have profited by my hard painstaking. Comprehending few things, and those imperfectly, I say only what others have said before, wise men and holy, and if, by passing through my heart into the wide world around me, it pleaseth God that this little treasure shall have lost nothing of its weight and pureness, my exultation is then the exultation of humility. Wisdom consisteth not in knowing many things, nor even in knowing them thoroughly, but in choosing and in following what conduces the most certainly to our lasting happiness and true glory. And this wisdom, my Lord of Verulam, cometh from above

Bacon I have observed among the well-informed and the ill-informed, nearly the same quantity of infirmities and follies: those who are rather the wiser keep them separate, and those who are wisest of all keep them better out of sight. Now examine the sayings and writings of the prime philosophers, and you will often find them, Master Richard, to be untruths made to resemble truths. The business with them is to approximate as nearly as possible, and not to touch it: the goal of the charioteer is *evitata fervidis rotis*, as some poet saith.

But we who care nothing for chants and cadences, and have no time to catch at applauses, push forward over stones and sands straightway to our object. I have persuaded men, and shall persuade them for ages, that I possess a wide range of thought unexplored by others, and first thrown open by me, with many fair inclosures of choice and abstruse knowledge. I have incited and instructed them to examine all subjects of useful and rational inquiry: few that occurred to me have I myself left untouched or untried: one however hath almost escaped me, and surely one worth the trouble.

Hooker. Pray, my Lord, if I am guilty of no indiscretion, what may it be?

Bacon. Francis Bacon.

SOUTHEY AND PORSON

Porson. I suspect, Mr Southey, you are angry with me for the freedom with which I have spoken of your poetry and Wordsworth's.

Southey. What could have induced you to imagine it, Mr. Professor? You have indeed bent your eyes upon me, since we have been together, with somewhat of fierceness and defiance; I presume you fancied me to be a commentator. You wrong me, in your belief that any opinion on my poetical works hath molested me, but you afford me more than compensation in supposing me acutely sensible of injustice done to Wordsworth. If we must converse on these topics, we will converse on him. What man ever existed who spent a more inoffensive life, or adorned it with nobler studies?

Porson. None, and they who attack him with virulence are men of as little morality as reflection. I have demon-

strated that one of them, he who wrote the *Pursuits of Literature*, could not construe a Greek sentence or scan a verse; and I have fallen on the very *Index* from which he drew out his forlorn hope on the parade. This is incomparably the most impudent fellow I have met with in the course of my reading, which has lain, you know, in a province where impudence is no rarity.

The little man who followed you in the *Critical Review* would, I am persuaded, if Homer were living, pat him in a fatherly way upon the cheek, and tell him that, by moderating his fire and contracting his prolixity, the public might ere long expect something from him worth reading.

I had visited a friend in *King's Road* when he entered.

"Have you seen the *Review*?" cried he. "Worse than ever! I am resolved to insert a paragraph in the papers, declaring that I had no concern in the last number."

"Is it so very bad?" said I quietly.

"Infamous! detestable!" exclaimed he.

"Sit down then: nobody will believe you:" was my answer.

Since that morning he has discovered that I drink harder than usual, that my faculties are wearing fast away, that once indeed I had some Greek in my head, but... he then claps the forefinger to the side of his nose, turns his eye slowly upward, and looks compassionately and calmly.

Southey. Come, Mr. Porson, grant him his merits: no critic is better contrived to make any work a monthly one, no writer more dextrous in giving a finishing touch.

Porson. Let him take his due and be gone now to the rest. The plagiarist has a greater latitude of choice than we: and if he brings home a parsnep or turnip-top,

when he could as easily have pocketed a nectarine or a pine-apple, he must be a blockhead. I never heard the name of the *pursuer of literature*, who has little more merit in having stolen, than he would have had if he had never stolen at all; and I have forgotten that other man's, who evinced his fitness to be the censor of our age, by a translation of the most naked and impure satires of antiquity, those of Juvenal, which owe their preservation to the partiality of the friars. I shall entertain an unfavourable opinion of him if he has translated them well: pray has he?

Southey. Indeed I do not know. I read poets for their poetry, and to extract that nutriment of the intellect and of the heart which poetry should contain. I never listen to the swans of the cesspool, and must declare that nothing is heavier to me than rottenness and corruption.

Porson. You are right, sir, perfectly right. A translator of Juvenal would open a public drain to look for a needle, and may miss it. My nose is not easily offended; but I must have something to fill my belly. Come, we will lay aside the scrip of the transpositor and the pouch of the pursuer, in reserve for the days of unleavened bread, and again, if you please, to the lakes and mountains. Now we are both in better humour, I must bring you to a confession that in your friend Wordsworth there is occasionally a little trash.

Southey. A haunch of venison would be trash to a Brahmin, a bottle of burgundy to the xerif of Mecca.

Porson. I will not be anticipated by you. Trash, I confess, is no proof that nothing good can be above it and about it. The roughest and least manageable soil surrounds gold and diamonds. Homer and Dante and Shakespeare and Milton have each many lines worth little, lines without force, without feeling, without fancy, in short, without beauty of any kind. But it is the

character of modern poetry, as it is of modern arms and equipments, to be more uniformly trim and polished. The ancients in both had more strength and splendour, they had also more inequality and rudeness.

Southey We are guided by precept, by habit, by taste, by constitution. Hitherto our sentiments on poetry have been delivered down to us from authority, and if it can be demonstrated, as I think it may be, that the authority is inadequate, and that the dictates are often inapplicable and often misinterpreted, you will allow me to remove the cause out of court. Every man can see what is very bad in a poem, almost every one can see what is very good; but you, Mr Porson, who have turned over all the volumes of all the commentators, will inform me whether I am right or wrong in asserting, that no critic hath yet appeared who hath been able to fix or to discern the exact degrees of excellence above a certain point.

Porson None.

Southey. The reason is, because the eyes of no one have been upon a level with it. Supposing, for the sake of argument, the contest of Hesiod and Homer to have taken place. the judges, who decided in favour of the worse, and he indeed in the poetry has little merit, may have been elegant, wise, and conscientious men. Their decision was in favour of that to the species of which they had been the most accustomed. Corinna was preferred to Pindar no fewer than five times, and the best judges in Greece gave her the preference, yet whatever were her powers, and beyond a question they were extraordinary, we may assure ourselves that she stood many degrees below Pindar. Nothing is more absurd than the report that the judges were prepossessed by her beauty. Plutarch tells us that she was much older than her competitor, who consulted her judgment in his earlier odes. Now, granting their first competition to have been when

Pindar was twenty years old, and that the others were in the years succeeding, her beauty must have been somewhat on the decline, for in Greece there are few women who retain the graces, none who retain the bloom of youth, beyond the twenty-third year. Her countenance, I doubt not, was expressive: but expression, although it gives beauty to men, makes women pay dearly for its stamp, and pay soon. Nature seems, in protection to their loveliness, to have ordered that they who are our superiors in quickness and sensibility, should be little disposed to laborious thought or to long excursions in the labyrinths of fancy. We may be convinced that the verdict of the judges was biassed by nothing else than their habitudes of thinking: we may be convinced too that, living in an age when poetry was cultivated highly, and selected from the most acute and the most dispassionate, they were subject to no greater errors of opinion than are the learned messmates of our English colleges.

Porson. You are more liberal in your largesses to the fair Greeks than a friend of mine was, who resided in Athens to acquire the language. He assured me that beauty there was in bud at thirteen, in full blossom at fifteen, losing a leaf or two every day at seventeen, trembling on the thorn at nineteen, and under the tree at twenty.

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Southey. Great men will always pay deference to greater: little men will not: because the little are fractious, and the weaker they are the more obstinate and crooked.

Porson. To proceed on our inquiry. I will not deny that to compositions of a new kind, like Wordsworth's, we come without scales and weights, and without the means of making an assay.

Southey. Mr. Porson, it does not appear to me that anything more is necessary in the first instance, than to interrogate our hearts in what manner they have been affected. If the ear is satisfied, if at one moment a tumult is aroused in the breast, and tranquillised at another, with a perfect consciousness of equal power exerted in both cases, if we rise up from the perusal of the work with a strong excitement to thought, to imagination, to sensibility, above all, if we sat down with some propensities toward evil and walk away with much stronger toward good, in the midst of a world, which we never had entered and of which we never had dreamed before, shall we pericely put on again the *old man* of criticism, and dissemble that we have been conducted by a most beneficent and most potent genius? Nothing proves to me so manifestly in what a pestiferous condition are its lazarettos, as when I observe how little hath been objected against those who have substituted words for things, and how much against those who have reinstated things for words

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Let Wordsworth prove to the world that there may be animation without blood and broken bones, and tenderness remote from the stews. Some will doubt it, for even things the most evident are often but little perceived and strangely estimated. Swift ridiculed the music of Handel and the generalship of Marlborough, Pope the perspicacity and the scholarship of Bentley, Gray the abilities of Shaftesbury and the eloquence of Rousseau Shakspeare hardly found those who would collect his tragedies, Milton was read from godliness, Virgil was antiquated and rustic, Cicero Asiatic. What a rabble has persecuted my friend! An elephant is born to be consumed by ants in the midst of his unapproachable solitudes: Wordsworth is the prey of Jeffrey. Why

repine? Let us rather amuse ourselves with allegories, and recollect that God in the creation left his noblest creature at the mercy of a serpent.

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Porson Wordsworth goes out of his way to be attacked: he picks up a piece of dirt, throws it on the carpet in the midst of the company, and cries, *This is a better man than any of you*. He does indeed mould the base material into what form he chooses, but why not rather invite us to contemplate it than challenge us to condemn it? Here surely is false taste.

Southey. The principal and the most genial accusation against him is, that the vehicle of his thoughts is unequal to them. Now did ever the judges at the Olympic games say, "We would have awarded to you the meed of victory, if your chariot had been equal to your horses: it is true they have won, but the people is displeased at a car neither new nor richly gilt, and without a gryphon or sphynx engraved on the axle"? You admire simplicity in Euripides, you censure it in Wordsworth, believe me, sir, it arises in neither from penury of thought, which seldom has produced it, but from the strength of temperance, and at the suggestion of principle.

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 Take up a poem of Wordsworth's and read it; I would rather say, read them all, and, knowing that a mind like yours must grasp closely what comes within it, I will then appeal to you whether any poet of our country, since Milton, hath exerted greater powers with less of strain and less of ostentation. . . .

Porson. Pity, with such abilities, he does not imitate the ancients somewhat more.

Southey. Whom did they imitate? If his genius is equal to theirs he has no need of a guide. He also will be an ancient, and the very counterparts of those who

now decry him, will extol him a thousand years hence in malignity to the moderns.

LUCULLUS AND CÆSAR

Cæsar. Lucius Lucullus, I am come to you privately and unattended, for reasons which you will know, confiding, I dare not say in your friendship, since no service of mine toward you has deserved it, but in your generous and disinterested love of peace. Hear me on. Cneius Pompeius, according to the report of my connexions in the city, had, on the instant of my leaving it for the province, begun to solicit his dependants to strip me ignominiously of authority. Neither vows nor affinities can bind him. He would degrade the father of his wife, he would humiliate his own children, the unoffending, the unborn, he would poison his own nascent love, at the suggestion of Ambition. Matters are now brought so far, that either he or I must submit to a reverse of fortune, since no concession can assuage his malice, divert his envy, or gratify his cupidity. No sooner could I raise myself up, from the consternation and stupefaction into which the certainty of these reports had thrown me, than I began to consider in what manner my own private afflictions might become the least noxious to the republic. Into whose arms then could I throw myself more naturally and more securely, to whose bosom could I commit and consign more sacredly the hopes and destinies of our beloved country, than his who laid down power in the midst of its enjoyments, in the vigour of youth, in the pride of triumph when Dignity solicited, when Friendship urged, entreated, supplicated, and when Liberty herself invited and beckoned to him, from the senatorial

order and from the curule chair? Betrayed and abandoned by those we had confided in, our next friendship, if ever our hearts receive any, or if any will venture in those places of desolation, flies forward instinctively to what is most contrary and dissimilar. Cæsar is hence the visitant of Lucullus.

Lucullus. I had always thought Pompeius more moderate and more reserved than you represent him, Caius Julius! and yet I am considered in general, and surely you also will consider me, but little liable to be prepossessed by him.

Cæsar. Unless he may have ingratiated himself with you recently, by the administration of that worthy whom last winter his partisans dragged before the senate, and forced to assert publicly that you and Cato had instigated a party to circumvent and murder him, and whose carcass a few days afterward, when it had been announced that he had died by a natural death, was found covered with bruises, stabs, and dislocations.

Lucullus. You bring much to my memory which had quite slipped out of it, and I wonder that it could make such an impression on yours. A proof to me that the interest you take in my behalf began earlier than your delicacy will permit you to acknowledge. You are fatigued, which I ought to have perceived before.

Cæsar. Not at all. The fresh air has given me life and alertness. I feel it upon my cheek even in the room.

Lucullus. After our dinner and sleep, we will spend the remainder of the day on the subject of your visit.

Cæsar. Those Ethiopian slaves of yours shiver with cold upon the mountain here; and truly I myself was not insensible to the change of climate, in the way from Mutina.

What white bread! I never found such even at Naples

or Capua. This Formian wine (which I prefer to the Chian) how exquisite!

Lucullus. Such is the urbanity of Cæsar, even while he bites his lip with displeasure. How! surely it bleeds! Permit me to examine the cup.

Cæsar. I believe a jewel has fallen out of the rim in the carriage the gold is rough there

Lucullus. Marcipor! let me never see that cup again. No answer, I desire. My guest pardons heavier faults. Mind that dinner be prepared for us shortly.

Cæsar. In the meantime, Lucullus, if your health permits it, shall we walk a few paces round the villa² for I have not seen anything of the kind before.

Lucullus. The walls are double the space between them two feet the materials for the most-part earth and stubble. Two hundred slaves, and about as many mules and oxen, brought the beams and rafters up the mountain my architects fixed them at once in their places every part was ready, even the wooden nails. The roof is thatched, you see

Cæsar. Is there no danger that so light a material should be carried off by the winds, on such an eminence?

Lucullus. None resists them equally well.

Cæsar. On this immensely high mountain I should be apprehensive of the lightning, which the poets, and I think the philosophers too, have told us, strikes the highest

Lucullus. The poets are right, for whatever is received as truth, is truth in poetry, and a fable may illustrate like a fact. But the philosophers are wrong, as they generally are, even in the commonest things, because they seldom look beyond their own tenets, unless through captiousness, and because they argue more than they meditate, and display more than they examine. Archimedes and Euclid are, in my opinion, the worthiest of

the name, they alone having kept apart to the demonstrable, the practical, and the useful. Many of the rest are good writers and good disputants, but unfaithful suitors of simple Science; boasters of their acquaintance with gods and goddesses, plagiarists and impostors. I had forgotten my roof, although it is composed of much the same materials as the philosophers. Let the lightning fall one handful of silver, or less, repairs the damage.

Cæsar. Impossible! nor indeed one thousand, nor twenty, if those tapestries and pictures are consumed.

Lucullus. True, but only the thatch would burn. For, before the baths were tessellated, I filled the area with alum and water, and soaked the timbers and laths for many months, and covered them afterward with alum in powder, by means of liquid glue. Mithridates taught me this. Having in vain attacked with combustibles a wooden tower, I took it by stratagem, and found within it a mass of alum, which, if a great hurry had not been observed by us among the enemy in the attempt to conceal it, would have escaped our notice. I never scrupled to extort the truth from my prisoners but my instruments were purple robes and plate, and the only wheel in my armoury, destined to such purposes, was the wheel of Fortune.

Cæsar. I wish, in my campaigns, I could have equalled your clemency and humanity. but the Gauls are more uncertain, fierce, and perfidious, than the wildest tribes of Caucasus, and our policy cannot be carried with us, it must be formed upon the spot. They love you, not for abstaining from hurting them, but for ceasing, and they embrace you only at two seasons; when stripes are fresh or when stripes are imminent. Elsewhere I hope to become the rival of Lucullus in this admirable part of virtue.

I shall never build villas, because—but what are your proportions? Surely the edifice is extremely low.

Lucullus. There is only one floor: the height of the apartments is twenty feet to the cornice, five above it; the breadth is twenty-five, the length forty. The building, as you perceive, is quadrangular: three sides contain four rooms each: the other has many partitions and two stories, for domestics and offices. Here is my salt-bath.

Cæsar. A bath indeed for all the Nereids named by Hesiod, with room enough for the Tritons and their herds and horses.

Lucullus. Here stand my two cows. Their milk is brought to me with its warmth and froth, for it loses its salubrity both by repose and by motion. Pardon me, Cæsar: I shall appear to you to have forgotten that I am not conducting Marcus Vairo.

Cæsar. You would convert him into Cacus: he would drive them off. What beautiful beasts! how sleek and white and cleanly! I never saw any like them, excepting when we sacrifice to Jupiter the stately leader from the pastures of the Clitumnus.

Lucullus. Often do I make a visit to these quiet creatures, and with no less pleasure than in former days to my horses. Nor indeed can I much wonder that whole nations have been consentaneous in treating them as objects of devotion: the only thing wonderful is, that gratitude seems to have acted as powerfully and extensively as fear, indeed more extensively, for no object of worship whatever has attracted so many worshippers. Where Jupiter has one, the cow has ten: she was venerated before he was born, and will be when even the carvers have forgotten him.

Cæsar. Unwillingly should I see it, for the character of our gods has formed the character of our nation

Setapis and Isis have stolen in among them within our memory, and others will follow, until at last Saturn will not be the only one emasculated by his successor. What can be more august than our rites? The first dignitaries of the republic are emulous to administer them, nothing of low or venal has any place in them, nothing pusillanimous, nothing unsocial and austere. I speak of them as they were; before Superstition woke up again from her slumber, and caught to her bosom with maternal love the alluvial monsters of the Nile. Philosophy, never fit for the people, had entered the best houses, the image of Epicurus had taken the place of the Lemures. But men cannot bear to be deprived long together of anything they are used to, not even of their fears, and, by a reaction of the mind appertaining to our nature, new stimulants were looked for, not on the side of pleasure, where nothing new could be expected or imagined, but on the opposite. Irreligion is followed by fanaticism, and fanaticism by irreligion, alternately and perpetually.

Lucillus The religion of our country, as you observe, is well adapted to its inhabitants. Our progenitor Mars hath Venus recumbent on his breast, and looking up to him; teaching us that pleasure is to be sought in the bosom of valour and by the means of war. No great alteration, I think, will ever be made in our rites and ceremonies; the best and most imposing that could be collected from all nations, and uniting them to us by our complacency in adopting them. The gods themselves may change names, to flatter new power and indeed, as we degenerate, Religion will accommodate herself to our propensities and desires. Our heaven is now popular: it will become monarchical not without a crowded court, as befits it, of apparitors and satellites and minions of both sexes, paid and caressed for carrying to their stern, dark-bearded master prayers and supplications. Altars

must be strown with broken minds, and incense rise amid abject aspirations. Gods will be found unfit for their places, and it is not impossible that, in the ruin imminent from our contentions for power, and in the necessary extinction both of ancient families and of generous sentiments, our consular fasces may become the water-sprinklers of some upstart priesthood, and that my son may apply for lustration to the son of my groom. The interest of such men requires that the spirit of arms and of arts be extinguished. They will predicate peace, that the people may be tractable to them but a religion altogether pacific is the fomenter of wars and the nurse, of crimes, alluring Sloth from within and Violence from afar. If ever it should prevail among the Romans, it must prevail alone for nations more vigorous and energetic will invade them, close upon them, trample them under foot, and the name of Roman, which is now the most glorious, will become the most opprobrious upon earth.

Cæsar The time I hope may be distant; for next to my own name I hold my country's.

Lucullus. Mine, not coming from Troy or Ida, is lower in my estimation. I place my country's first.

You are surveying the little lake beside us. It contains no fish. birds never alight on it the water is extremely pure and cold. the walk round is pleasant; not only because there is always a gentle breeze from it, but because the turf is fine, and the surface of the mountain on this summit is perfectly on a level, to a great extent in length, not a trifling advantage to me, who walk often, and am weak. I have no alley, no garden, no inclosure the park is in the vale below, where a brook supplies the ponds, and where my servants are lodged; for here I have only twelve in attendance.

Cæsar. What is that so white, toward the Adriatic?

Lucullus The Adriatic itself. Turn round, and you may descry the Tuscan Sea. Our situation is reported to be among the highest of the Apennines....Marcipor has made the sign to me that dinner is ready. Pass this way.

Cæsar. What a library is here! Ah, Marcus Tullius! I salute thy image. Why frownest thou upon me? collecting the consular robe and uplifting the right-arm, as when Rome stood firm again, and Catiline fled before thee.

Lucullus. Just so; such was the action the statuary chose, as adding a new endearment to the memory of my absent friend.

Cæsar. Sylla, who honoured you above all men, is not here.

Lucullus. I have his *Commentaries*: he inscribed them, as you know, to me. Something even of our benefactors may be forgotten, and gratitude be unimproved.

Cæsar. The impression on that couch, and the two fresh honeysuckles in the leaves of those two books, would show, even to a stranger, that this room is peculiarly the master's. Are they sacred?

Lucullus. To me and Cæsar.

Cæsar. I would have asked permission——

Lucullus. Caius Julius, you have nothing to ask of Polybius and Thucydides, nor of Xenophon, the next to them on the table.

Cæsar. Thucydides! the most generous, the most unprejudiced, the most sagacious, of historians. Now, Lucullus, you whose judgment in style is more accurate than any other Roman's, do tell me whether a commander, desirous of writing his *Commentaries*, could take to himself a more perfect model than Thucydides.

Lucullus. Nothing is more perfect, nor ever will be: the scholar of Pericles, the master of Demosthenes! the

equal of the one in military science, and of the other not the inferior in civil and forensic, the calm dispassionate judge of the general by whom he was defeated, his defender, his encomiast. To talk of such men is conducive not only to virtue but to health.

This other is my dining-room. You expect the dishes.

Cæsar I misunderstood—I fancied——

Lucullus. Repose yourself, and touch with the ebony wand, beside you, the sphynx on either of those obelisks, right or left

Cæsar. Let me look at them first.

Lucullus The contrivance was intended for one person, or two at most, desirous of privacy and quiet. The blocks of jasper in my pair, and of porphyry in yours, easily yield in their grooves, each forming one partition. There are four, containing four platforms. The lower holds four dishes, such as sucking forest-boars, venison, hares, tunnies, sturgeons, which you will find within, the upper three, eight each, but diminutive. The confectionary is brought separately, for the steam would spoil it, if any should escape. The melons are in the snow thirty feet under us: they came early this morning from a place in the vicinity of Luni, so that I hope they may be crisp, independently of their coolness.

Cæsar I wonder not at anything of refined elegance in Lucullus: but really here Antiochia and Alexandria seem to have cooked for us, and magicians to be our attendants.

Lucullus. The absence of slaves from our repast is the luxury: for Marcipor alone enters, and he only when I press a spring with my foot or wand. When you desire his appearance, touch that chalcedony, just before you.

Cæsar I eat quick, and rather plentifully. yet the valetudinarian (excuse my rusticity, for I rejoice at seeing

it) appears to equal the traveller in appetite, and to be contented with one dish.

Lucullus. It is milk: such, with strawberries, which ripen on the Apennines many months in continuance, and some other berries of sharp and grateful flavour, has been my only diet since my first residence here. The state of my health requires it; and the habitude of nearly three months renders this food not only more commodious to my studies and more conducive to my sleep, but also more agreeable to my palate, than any other.

Cæsar. Returning to Rome or Baie, you must domesticate and tame them. The cherries you introduced from Pontus are now growing in Cisalpine and Transalpine Gaul, and the largest and best in the world perhaps are upon the more sterile side of Lake Larius.

Lucullus. There are some fruits, and some virtues, which require a harsh soil and bleak exposure for their perfection.

Cæsar. In such a profusion of viands, and so savoury, I perceive no odour.

Lucullus. A flue conducts heat through the compartments of the obelisks; and if you look up, you may observe that those gilt roses, between the astragals in the cornice, are prominent from it half a span. Here is an aperture in the wall, between which and the outer is a perpetual current of air. We are now in the dog-days, and I have never felt in the whole summer more heat than at Rome in many days of March.

Cæsar. Usually you are attended by troops of domestics and of dinner-friends, not to mention the learned and scientific, nor your own family, your attachment to which, from youth upward, is one of the higher graces in your character. Your brother was seldom absent from you.

Lucullus. Marcus was coming: but the vehement heats along the Arno, in which valley he has a property he

never saw before, inflamed his blood; and he now is resting for a few days at Fæsulæ, a little town destroyed by Sylla within our memory, who left it only air and water, the best in Tuscany. The health of Marcus, like mine, has been declining for several months. we are running our last race against each other. and never was I, in youth along the Tiber, so anxious of first reaching the goal I would not outlive him. I should reflect too painfully on earlier days, and look forward too despondently on future. As for friends, lampreys and turbot begot them, and they spawn not amid the solitude of the Apennines. To dine in company with more than two, is a Gaulish and German thing. I can hardly bring myself to believe that I have eaten in concert with twenty; so barbarous and heidlike a practice does it now appear to me, such an incentive to drink much and talk loosely; not to add, such a necessity to speak loud; which is clownish and odious in the extreme. On this mountain-summit I hear no noise, no voices, not even of salutation. we have no flies about us, and scarcely an insect or reptile.

Cæsar. Your amiable son is probably with his uncle is he well?

Lucullus. Perfectly he was indeed with my brother in his intended visit to me: but Marcus, unable to accompany him hither, or superintend his studies in the present state of his health, sent him directly to his uncle Cato at Tusculum, a man fitter than either of us to direct his education, and preferable to any, excepting yourself and Marcus Tullius, in eloquence and urbanity.

Cæsar. Cato is so great, that whoever is greater must be the happiest and first of men.

Lucullus. That any such be still existing, O Julius, ought to excite no groan from the breast of a Roman citizen. But perhaps I wrong you: perhaps your mind

was forced reluctantly back again, on your past animosities and contests in the senate.

Cæsar. I revere him, but cannot love him.

Lucullus. Then, Caius Julius, you groaned with reason; and I would pity rather than reprove you.

On the ceiling, at which you are looking, there is no gilding, and little painting—a mere trellis of vines bearing grapes, and the heads, shoulders, and arms, rising from the cornice only, of boys and girls climbing up to steal them, and scrambling for them: nothing overhead. no giants tumbling down, no Jupiter thundering, no Mars and Venus caught at mid-day, no river-gods pouring out their urns upon us: for, as I think nothing so insipid as a flat ceiling, I think nothing so absurd as a storied one. Before I was aware, and without my participation, the painter had adorned that of my bed-chamber with a golden shower, bursting from varicd and irradiated clouds. On my expostulation, his excuse was, that he knew the Danae of Scopas, in a recumbent posture, was to occupy the centre of the room. The walls, behind the tapestry and pictures, are quite rough. In forty-three days the whole fabric was put together and habitable.

The wine has probably lost its freshness: will you try some other?

Cæsar. Its temperature is exact; its flavour exquisite. Latterly I have never sat long after dinner, and am curious to pass through the other apartments, if you will trust me.

Lucullus. I attend you.

Cæsar. Lucullus! who is here? what figure is that on the poop of the vessel? can it be——

Lucullus. The subject was dictated by myself; you gave it.

Cæsar. Oh how beautifully is the water painted! how

vividly the sun strikes against the snows on Taurus! the grey temples and pier-head of Tarsus catch it differently, and the monumental mount on the left is half in shade. In the countenance of those pirates I did not observe such diversity, nor that any boy pulled his father back: I did not indeed mark them or notice them at all.

Lucullus. The painter, in this fresco, the last work finished, had dissatisfied me in one particular. "That beautiful young face," said I, "appears not to threaten death."

"Lucius," he replied, "if one muscle were moved, it were not Cæsar's beside, he said it jokingly, though resolved."

"I am contented with your apology, Antipho, but what are you doing now? for you never lay down or suspend your pencil, let who will talk and argue. The lines of that smaller face in the distance are the same."

"Not the same," replied he, "nor very different: it smiles, as surely the goddess must have done, at the first heroic act of her descendant."

Cæsar. In her exultation and impatience to press forward, she seems to forget that she is standing at the extremity of the shell, which rises up behind out of the water; and she takes no notice of the terror on the countenance of this Cupid who would detain her, nor of this who is flying off and looking back. The reflection of the shell has given a warmer hue below the knee: a long streak of yellow light in the horizon is on the level of her bosom, some of her hair is almost lost in it: above her head on every side is the pure azure of the heavens.

Oh! and you would not have led me up to this? You, among whose primary studies is the most perfect satisfaction of your guests!

Lucullus. In the next apartment are seven or eight other pictures from our history.

There are no more what do you look for?

Cæsar. I find not among the rest any descriptive of your own exploits. Ah Lucullus! there is no surer way of making them remembered

This, I presume by the harps in the two corners, is the music-room.

Lucullus. No indeed, nor can I be said to have one here for I love best the music of a single instrument, and listen to it willingly at all times, but most willingly while I am reading. At such seasons a voice or even a whisper disturbs me: but music refreshes my brain when I have read long, and strengthens it from the beginning. I find also that if I write any thing in poetry (a youthful propensity still remaining) it gives rapidity and variety and brightness to my ideas. On ceasing, I command a fresh measure and instrument, or another voice, which is to the mind like a change of posture or of air to the body. My health is benefited by the gentle play thus opened to the most delicate of the fibres.

Cæsar. Let me augur that a disorder so tractable may be soon removed. What is it thought to be?

Lucullus. There are they who would surmise and signify, and my physician did not long attempt to persuade me of the contrary, that the ancient realms of *Æetes* have supplied me with some other plants than the cherry, and such as I should be sorry to see domesticated here in Italy.

Cæsar. The Gods forbid! Anticipate better things. The reason of Lucullus is stronger than the medicaments of *Mithridates*, but why not use them too? Let nothing be neglected. You may reasonably hope for many years of life your mother still enjoys it.

Lucullus To stand upon one's guard against Death, exasperates her malice and protracts our sufferings.

Cæsar Rightly and gravely said: but your country at this time cannot do well without you.

Lucullus. The bowl of milk which to-day is presented me, will shortly be presented to my Manes

Cæsar Do you suspect the hand?

Lucullus. I will not suspect a Roman. let us converse no more about it.

Cæsar. It is the only subject on which I am resolved never to think, as relates to myself. Life may concern us, death not; for in death we neither can act nor reason, we neither can persuade nor command, and our statues are worth more than we are, let them be but wax.

Lucullus From being for ever in action, for ever in contention, and from excelling in them all other mortals, what advantage derive we? I would not ask what satisfaction? what glory? The insects have more activity than ourselves, the beasts more strength, even inert matter more firmness and stability, the gods alone more goodness. To the exercise of this every country lies open, and neither I eastward nor you westward have found any exhausted by contests for it.

Must we give men blows because they will not look at us? or chain them to make them hold the balance even?

Do not expect to be acknowledged for what you are, much less for what you would be, since no one can well measure a great man but upon the tier . . . Think, Caius Julius! (for you have been instructed to think both as a poet and as a philosopher) that among the hundred hands of Ambition, to whom we may attribute them more properly than to Biareus, there is not one which holds anything firmly. In the precipitancy of her

course, what appears great is small, and what appears small is great. Our estimate of men is apt to be as inaccurate and inexact as that of things, or more. Wishing to have all on our side, we often leave those we should keep by us, run after those we should avoid, and call importunately on others who sit quiet and will not come. We cannot at once catch the applauses of the vulgar and expect the approbation of the wise. What are parties? Do men really great ever enter into them? Are they not ball-courts, where ragged adventurers strip and strive, and where dissolute youths abuse one another, and challenge and game, and wager? If you and I cannot quite divest ourselves of infirmities and passions, let us think however that there is enough in us to be divided into two portions, and let us keep the upper undisturbed and pure. A part of Olympus itself lies in darkness and in clouds, variable and stormy; but it is not the highest: there the gods govern. Your soul is large enough to embrace your country: all other affection is for less objects, and less men are capable of it. Abandon, O Cæsar! such thoughts and wishes as now agitate and propel you: leave them to more men of the marsh, to fat hearts and mazy intellects. Fortunate may we call ourselves to have been born in an age so productive of eloquence, so rich in erudition. Neither of us would be excluded, or hooted at, on canvassing for these honours. He who can think dispassionately and deeply as I do, is great as I am, none other: but his opinions are at freedom to diverge from mine, as mine are from his; and indeed, on recollection, I never loved those most who thought with me, but those rather who deemed my sentiments worth discussion, and who corrected me with frankness and affability.

Cæsar. Lucullus! you perhaps have taken the wiser and better part, certainly the pleasanter. I cannot argue with

you. I would gladly hear one who could, but you again more gladly. I should think unworthily of you if I thought you capable of yielding or receding. I do not even ask you to keep our conversation long a secret; so greatly does it preponderate in your favour, so much more of gentleness, of eloquence, and of argument. I came hither with one soldier, avoiding the cities, and sleeping at the villa of a confidential friend. To-night I sleep in yours, and, if your dinner does not disturb me, shall sleep soundly. You go early to rest, I know.

Lucullus. Not however by daylight. Be assured, Caius Julius, that greatly as your discourse afflicts me, no part of it shall escape my lips. If you approach the city with arms, with arms I meet you, then your denouncer and enemy, at present your host and confidant.

Cæsar. I shall conquer you.

Lucullus. That smile would cease upon it you sigh already.

Cæsar. Yes, Lucullus, if I am oppressed I shall overcome my oppressor. I know my army and myself. A sigh escaped me, and many more will follow. but one transport will rise amid them, when, vanquisher of my enemies and avenger of my dignity, I press again the hand of Lucullus, mindful of this day.

MARCUS TULLIUS AND QUINCTUS CICERO

Marcus. The last calamities of our country, my brother Quinctus, have again united us, and something like the tenderness of earlier days appears to have returned, in the silence of ambition and in the subsidence of hope. It has frequently occurred to me how different we are, from the moment when the parental roof bursts asunder,

as it were, and the inmates are scattered abroad, and build up here and there new families. Many, who before lived in amity and concord, are then in the condition of those who, on receiving intelligence of a shipwreck, collect at once for plunder, and quarrel on touching the first fragment.

Quinctus We never disagreed on the division of any property, unless indeed the state and its honours may be considered as such, and although in regard to Cæsar, our fortune drew us different ways latterly, and my gratitude made me, until your remonstrances and prayers prevailed, reluctant to abandon him, you will remember my anxiety to procure you the consulate and the triumph. You cannot and never could suppose me unmindful of the signal benefits and high distinctions I have received from Cæsar, or quite unreluctant to desert an army, for my services in which he often praised me to you, while I was in Britain and in Gaul. Such moreover was his generosity, he did not erase my name from his *Commentaries*, for having abandoned and opposed his cause. My joy therefore ought not to be unmingled at his violent death, to whom I am indebted not only for confidence and command, not only for advancement and glory, but also for immortality. When you yourself had resolved on leaving Italy to follow Cincius Pompeius, you were sensible, as you told me, that my obligations to Cæsar should at least detain me in Italy. Our disputes, which among men who reason will be frequent, were always amicable. our political views have always been similar, and generally the same. You indeed were somewhat more aristocratical and senatorial. and this prejudice hath ruined both. As if the immortal Gods took a pleasure in confounding us by the difficulty of our choice, they placed the best men at the head of the worst cause. Decimus Brutus and Porcius Cato held

up the train of Sylla; for the late civil wars were only a continuation of those which the old dictator seemed, for a time, to have extinguished in blood and ruins. His faction was in authority when you first appeared at Rome, and although among your friends, and sometimes in public, you have spoken as a Roman should speak of Caius Marius—a respect for Pompeius, the most insincere of mortals, made you silent on the merits of Sertorius, than whom there never was a better man in private life, a magistrate more upright, a general more vigilant, a citizen more zealous for the prerogative of our republic. Caius Cæsar, the later champion of the same party, overcame difficulties almost equally great, and having acted upon a more splendid theatre, may perhaps appear a still greater character.

Marcus. He will seem so to those only who place temperance and prudence, fidelity and patriotism, aside from the component parts of greatness. Cæsar, of all men, knew best when to trust fortune: Sertorius never trusted her at all, nor ever marched a step along a path he had not patiently and well explored. The best of Romans slew the one, the worst the other. The death of Cæsar was that which the wise and virtuous would most deprecate for themselves and for their children, that of Sertorius what they would most desire. And since, Quinctus, we have seen the ruin of our country, and her enemies are intent on ours, let us be grateful that the last years of life have neither been useless nor inglorious, and that it is likely to close, not under the condemnation of such citizens as Cato and Brutus, but as Lepidus and Antonius. It is with more sorrow than asperity that I reflect on Caius Cæsar. O! had his heart been unambitious as his style, had he been as prompt to succour his country as to enslave her, how great, how incomparably great, were he! Then perhaps at this hour, O Quinctus, and in this

villa, we should have enjoyed his humorous and erudite discourse; for no man ever tempered so seasonably and so justly the materials of conversation. How graceful was he! how unguarded! His whole character was uncovered; as we represent the bodies of heroes and of gods. Two years ago, at this very season, on the third of the Saturnalia, he came hither spontaneously and unexpectedly to dine with me, and although one of his attendants read to him, as he desired while he was bathing, the verses on him and Mamurra, he retained his usual good humour, and discoursed after dinner on many points of literature, with admirable ease and judgment. Him I shall see again, and, while he acknowledges my justice, I shall acknowledge his virtues, and contemplate them unclouded. I shall see again our father, and Mutius Scævola, and you, and our sons, and the ingenuous and faithful Tyro. He alone has power over my life, if any has, for to him I confide my writings. And our worthy Marcus Brutus will meet me, whom I would embrace among the first: for, if I have not done him an injury, I have caused him one. Had I never lived, or had I never excited his envy, he might perhaps have written as I have done, but, for the sake of avoiding me, he caught both cold and fever. Let us pardon him; let us love him. With a weakness that injured his eloquence, and with a softness of soul that sapped the constitution of our state, he is no unworthy branch of that family which will be remembered the longest among men.

O happy day, when I shall meet my equals, and when my inferiors shall trouble me no more!

Man thinks it miserable to be cut off in the midst of his projects: he should rather think it miserable to have formed them. For the one is his own action, the other is not, the one was subject from the beginning to dis-

appointments and vexations, the other ends them. And what truly is that period of life in which we are not in the midst of our projects? They spring up only the more rank and wild, year after year, from their extinction or change of form, as herbage from the corruption and dying down of herbage.

I will not dissemble that I upheld the senatorial cause for no other reason than that my dignity was to depend on it. My first enthusiasm was excited by Marius, my first poem was written on him. We were proud of him as a fellow-citizen of Arpinum.

Quinctus. Do you believe that the Marian faction would have annulled our order?

Marius. I believe that their safety would have required its ruin, and that their vengeance, not to say their equity, would have accomplished it. The civil war was of the senate against the equestrian order and the people, and was maintained by the wealth of the patricians, accumulated in the time of Sylla, by the proscription of all whom violence made, or avarice called, its adversaries. It would have been necessary to confiscate the whole property of the order, and to banish its members from Italy. Any measures short of these would have been inadequate to compensate the people for their losses, nor would there have been a sufficient pledge for the maintenance of tranquillity. The exclusion of three hundred families from their estates, which they had acquired in great part by rapine, and their expulsion from a country which they had inundated with blood, would have prevented that partition-treaty, whereby are placed in the hands of three men the properties and lives of all.

There should in no government be a contrariety of interests. Checks are useful, but it is better to stand in

no need of them. Bolts and bars are good things but would you establish a college of thieves and robbers to try how good they are? Misfortune has taught me many truths, which a few years ago I should have deemed suspicious and dangerous. The fall of Rome and of Carthage, the form of whose governments was almost the same, has been occasioned by the divisions of the ambitious in their senates for we conscript fathers call that ambition which the lower ranks call avarice. In fact the only difference is, that the one wears fine linen, the other coarse; one covets the government of Asia, the other a cask of vinegar. The people were indifferent which side prevailed, until their houses in that country were reduced to ashes, in this, were delivered to murderers and gamesters.

Quinctus Painful is it to reflect, that the greatness of most men originates from what has been taken by fraud or violence out of the common stock. The greatness of states, on the contrary, depends on the subdivision of property, chiefly of the landed, in moderate portions, on the frugal pay of all functionaries, chiefly of those who possess a property, and on unity of interests and designs. Where provinces are allotted, not for the public service, but for the enrichment of private families, where consuls wish one thing and tribunes wish another, how can there be prosperity or safety? If Carthage, whose government (as you observe) much resembled ours, had allowed the same rights generally to the inhabitants of Africa, had she been as zealous in civilising as in coercing them; she would have ruined our commonwealth and ruled the world. Rome found the rest of Italy more cultivated than herself, but corrupted for the greater part by luxury, ignorant of military science, and more patient of slavery than of toil. She conquered, and in process

of time infused into them somewhat of her spirit, and imparted to them somewhat of her institutions. Nothing was then wanting to her policy, but only to grant voluntarily what she might have foreseen they would unite to enforce, and to have constituted a social body in Italy. This would have rendered her invincible. Ambition would not permit our senators to divide with others the wealth and aggrandisement arising from authority and hence our worst citizens are become our rulers. The same error was committed by Sertorius from purer principles, when he created a senate in Spain, but admitted no Spaniard. The practice of disinterestedness, the force of virtue, in despite of so grievous an affront, united to him the bravest and most honourable of nations. If he had granted to them what was theirs by nature, and again due for benefits, he would have had nothing else to regret, than that they had so often broken our legions, and covered our commanders with shame

What could be expected in our country, where the aristocracy possessed in the time of Sylla more than half the land, and disposed of all the revenues and offices arising from our conquests? It would be idle to remark that the armies were paid out of them, when those armies were but the household of the rich, and necessary to their safety. On such reasoning there is no clear profit, no property, no possession. we cannot eat without a cook, without a husbandman, without a butcher. these take a part of our money. The armies were no less the armies of the aristocracy than the money that paid them and the provinces that supplied it, no less, in short, than their beds and bolsters.

Why could not we have done from policy and equity, what has been and often will be done, under another name, by favour and injustice? On the agrarian law we

never were unanimous. yet Tiberius Gracchus had among the upholders of his plan the most prudent, the most equitable, and the most dignified in the republic. Lælius, the friend of Scipio, whose wisdom and moderation you have lately extolled in your dialogue, Crassus, then Pontifex Maximus, and Appius Claudius, who resolved by this virtuous and patriotic deed to wipe away the stain left for ages on his family, by its licentiousness, pride, and tyranny. To these names another must be added, a name which we have been taught from our youth upward to hold in reverence, the greatest of our jurists, Mutius Scævola. The adversaries of the measure cannot deny the humanity and liberality of its provisions by which those who might be punished for violating the laws, should be indemnified for the loss of the possessions they held illegally, and these possessions should be distributed among the poorer families, not for the purpose of corrupting their votes, but that they should have no temptation to sell them.

You smile, Marcus!

Marcus. For this very thing the Conscrip Fathers were inimical to Tiberius Gracchus, and accused him of an attempt to introduce visionary and impracticable changes into the commonwealth. Among the elder of his partisans some were called ambitious, some prejudiced, among the younger, some were madmen, the rest traitors, just as they were protected or unprotected by the power of their families or the influence of their friends.

Quinctus. The most equitable and necessary law promulgated of latter times in our republic, was that by Caius Gracchus, who, finding all our magistratures in the disposal of the senate, and witnessing the acquittal of all criminals whose peculations and extortions had

ruined our provinces and shaken our dominion, transferred the judicial power to the equestrian order Cæpio's law, five-and-twenty years afterward, was an infringement of this, and the oration of Lucius Crassus in its favour, bearing with it the force of genius and the stamp of authority, formed in great measure, as you acknowledge, both your politics and your eloquence. The intimacy of Crassus with Aculeo, the husband of our maternal aunt, inclined you perhaps to follow the more readily his opinions, and to set a higher value, than you might otherwise have done, on his celebrated oration.

Marcus You must remember, my brother, that I neither was nor professed myself to be averse to every agrarian law, though I opposed with all my energy and authority that agitated by Rullus. On which occasion I represented the two Gracchi as most excellent men, inflamed by the purest love of the Roman people, in their proposal to divide among the citizens what was unquestionably their due. I mentioned them as those on whose wisdom and institutions many of the solid parts in our government were erected, and I opposed the particular law at that time laid before the people, as leading to the tyranny of a decemviate. The projects of Cæsar and Pompeius on this business were unjust and pernicious, those of Gracchus I now acknowledge to have been equitable to the citizens and salutary to the state. Unless I made you this concession, how could I defend my own conduct a few months ago, in persuading the senate to distribute among the soldiers of the fourth legion and the legion of Mars, for their services to the republic, those very lands in Campania which Cæsar and Pompeius would have allotted in favour of their partisans in usurpation. Caius Gracchus on the contrary would look aside to no advantage or utility; and

lost the most powerful of his friends, adherents, and relatives, by his rectitude and inflexibility.

Quinctus. The attempt to restore the best and wisest of our ancient customs, was insolently and falsely called innovation. For, from the building of our city, a part of the conquered lands was sold by auction *under the spear*, an expression which hath since been used to designate the same transaction within the walls; another part was holden in common, a third was leased out at an easy rate to the poorer citizens. So that formerly the lower and intermediate class possessed by right the exclusive benefit of *two-thirds*, and an equal chance (wherever there was industry and fugality) of the other. Latterly, by various kinds of vexation and oppression, they had been deprived of nearly the whole.

Cornelia was not a woman of a heart so sickly-tender as to awaken its sympathies at all hours, and to excite and pamper in it a false appetite. Like the rest of her family, she cared little or nothing for the applauses and opinions of the people. she loved justice and it was on justice that she wished her children to lay the foundation of their glory. This ardour was extinguished in her by the blood of her eldest son. She saw his name placed where she wished it, and she pointed it out to Caius. Scandalous words may be written on the wall under it, by dealers in votes and traffickers in loyalty, but little is the worth of a name that perishes by chalk or charcoal.

Marcus. The moral like the physical body hath not always the same wants in the same degree. We put off or on a greater or less quantity of clothes according to the season; and it is to the season that we must accommodate ourselves in government, wherein there are only a few leading principles which are never to be disturbed.

I now perceive that the laws of society in one thing resemble the laws of perspective. they require that what is below should rise gradually, and that what is above should descend in the same proportion, but not that they should touch. Still less do they inform us, what is echoed in our ears by new masters from camp and school-room, that the wisest and best should depend on the weakest and worst, and that, when individuals, however ignorant of moral discipline and impatient of self-restraint, are deemed adequate to the management of their affairs at twenty years, a state should never be, that boys should come out of pupillage, that men should return to it, that people in their actions and abilities so contemptible as the triumvirate, should become by their own appointment our tutors and guardians, and shake their scourges over Marcus Brutus, Marcus Varro, Marcus Tullius. The Romans are hastening back, I see, to the government of hereditary kings, whether by that name or another is immaterial, which no virtuous and dignified man, no philosopher of whatever sect, has recommended, approved, or tolerated; and than which no moralist, no fabulist, no visionary, no poet, satirical or comic, no Fescennine jester, no dwarf or eunuch (the most privileged of privileged classes), no runner at the side of a triumphal car, in the utmost extravagance of his licentiousness, has imagined any thing more absurd, more indecorous, or more insulting. What else indeed is the reason why a nation is called barbarous by the Greeks and us? This alone stamps the character upon it, standing for whatever is monstrous, for whatever is debased.

What a shocking sight should we consider an old father of a family led in chains along the public street, with boys and prostitutes shouting after him! and should we not retire from it quickly and anxiously? A sight greatly

more shocking now presents itself. an ancient nation is reduced to slavery, by those who vowed before the people and before the altars to defend her. And is it hard for us, O Quinctus, to turn away our eyes from this abomination? or is it necessary for a Gaul or an Illyrian to command us that we close them on it?

Quinctus No, Marcus, no! Let us think upon it as our forefathers always thought, and our friends lately.

Marcus. I am your host, my brother, and must recall you awhile to pleasanter ideas. How beautiful is this Formian coast! how airy this villa! Ah whither have I beckoned your reflections! it is the last of ours perhaps we may ever see. Do you remember the races of our children along the sands, and their consternation when Tyro cried, "The Læstrygons! the Læstrygons!" He little thought he prophesied in his mirth, and all that poetry has feigned of these monsters should in so few years be accomplished. The other evening, an hour or two before sunset, I sailed quietly along the coast, for there was little wind, and the stillness on shore made my heart faint within me. I remembered how short a time ago I had conversed with Cato in the walks around the villa of Lucullus, whose son, such was the modesty of the youth, followed rather than accompanied us. O Gods! how little then did I foresee or apprehend that the guardianship of this young man, and also of Cato's son, would within one year have devolved on me, by the deplorable death of their natural protector. There is something of softness, not unallied to sorrow, in these mild winter days and their humid sunshine. I know not, Quinctus, by what train or connection of ideas they lead me rather to the past than to the future, unless it be that, when the fibres of our bodies are relaxed, as they must be in such weather, the spirits fall back easily upon reflection, and are slowly incited to expectation.

The memory of those great men who consolidated our republic by their wisdom, exalted it by their valour, and protected and defended it by their constancy, stands not alone nor idly: they draw us after them, they place us with them. O Quinctus! I wish I could impart to you my firm persuasion, that after death we shall enter into their society. and what matters if the place of our reunion be not the capitol or the forum, be not Elysian meadows or Atlantic islands? Locality has nothing to do with mind once free. Carry this thought perpetually with you, and Death, whether you believe it terminates our whole existence or otherwise, will lose, I will not say its terrors, for the brave and wise have none, but its anxieties and inquietudes.

Quinctus. Brother, when I see that many dogmas in religion have been invented to keep the intellect in subjection, I may fairly doubt the rest.

Marcus. Yes, if any emolument be derived from them to the colleges of priests. But surely he deserves the dignity and the worship of a god, who first instructed men that by their own volition they might enjoy eternal happiness, that the road to it is most easy and most beautiful, such as any one would follow by preference, even if nothing desirable were at the end of it. Neither to give nor take offence, are surely the two things most delightful in human life, and it is by these two things that eternal happiness may be attained. We shall enjoy a future state accordingly as we have employed our intellect and our affections. Perfect bliss can be expected by few: but still fewer will be so miserable as they have been here.

Quinctus. A belief to the contrary, if we admit a future life, would place the gods beneath us in their best properties, justice and beneficence.

Marcus. Belief in a future life is the appetite of reason.

and I see not why we should not gratify it as unreluctantly as the baser. Religion does not call upon us to believe the fables of the vulgar, but on the contrary to correct them.

Quinctus Otherwise, overrun as we are in Rome by foreigners of every nation, and ready to receive, as we have been, the buffooneries of Syrian and Egyptian priests, our citizens may within a few years become not only the dupes, but the tributaries, of these impostors. The Syrian may scourge us until we join him in his lamentation of Adonis, and the Egyptian may tell us that it is unholy to eat a chicken, and holy to eat an egg; while a sly rogue of Judea whispers in our ear, "That is superstition: you go to heaven if you pay me a tenth of your harvests." This, I have heard Cneius Pompeius relate, is done in Judea.

Marius True, but the tenth paid all the expenses both of civil government and religious, for the magistracy was (if such an expression can be repeated with seriousness) *theocratical*. In time of peace a decimation of property would be intolerable. The Jews have been always at war; natives of a sterile country and borderers of a fertile one, acute, meditative, melancholy, morose. I know not whether we ourselves have performed such actions as they have, or whether any nation has fought with such resolution and pertinacity. We laugh at their worship, they abominate ours. In this I think we are the wiser, for surely on speculative points it is better to laugh than to abominate. But whence have you brought your eggs and chickens? I have heard our Varro tell many stories about the Egyptian ordinances, but I do not remember this.

Quinctus Indeed the distinction seems a little too absurd, even for the worshippers of cats and crocodiles. Perhaps I may have wronged them: the nation I may

indeed have forgotten, but I am certain of the fact: I place it in the archives of superstition, you may deposit it in its right cell. Among the Athenians the Priestess of Minerva was entitled to a measure of barley, a measure of wheat, and an obol, on every birth and death. Some eastern nations are so totally subjected to the priesthood, that a member of it is requisite at birth, at death, and, by Thalassius! at marriage itself. He can even inflict pains and penalties, he can oblige you to tell him all the secrets of the heart, he can call your wife to him, your daughter to him, your blooming and innocent son, he can absolve from sin, he can exclude from pardon.

Marcus Now, Quinctus, egg and chicken, cat and crocodile, disappear and vanish you repeat impossibilities mankind, in its lowest degradation, has never been depressed so low. The savage would strangle the impostor that attempted it, the civilized man would scourge him and hiss him from society. Come, come, brother! we may expect such a state of things, whenever we find united the genius of the Cimmerian and the courage of the Tioglodyte. Religions wear out, cover them with gold or case them with iron as you will. Jupiter is now less powerful in Crete than when he was in his cradle there, and spreads fewer terrors at Dodona than a shepherd's cur. Pioconsuls have removed from Greece, from Asia, from Sicily, the most celebrated statues, and it is doubted at last whether those deities are in heaven, whom a cart and a yoke of oxen have carried away on earth. When the civil wars are over, and the minds of men become indolent and inactive, as is always the case after great excitement, it is not improbable that some novelties may be attempted in religion. but, as my prophecies in the whole course of the late events have been accomplished, so you may believe me when I prognosti-

cate that our religion, although it should be disfigured and deteriorated, will continue in many of its features, in many of its pomps and ceremonies, the same. Sibylline books will never be wanting while fear and curiosity are inherent in the composition of man. And there is something consolatory in this idea of duration and identity for whatever be your philosophy, you must acknowledge that it is pleasant to think, although you know not wherefore, that, when we go away, things visible, like things intellectual, will remain in great measure as we left them. A slight displeasure would be felt by us, if we were certain that after our death our houses would be taken down, though not only no longer inhabited by us, but probably not destined to remain in the possession of our children, and that even these vineyards, fields, and gardens, were about to assume another aspect.

Quinctus. The sea and the barren rocks will remain forever as they are whatever is lovely changes

Marcus. On the promontory of Misenum is yet standing the mansion of Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, the same which our friend Lucullus last inhabited, and, whether from reverence of her virtues and exalted name, or that the Gods preserve it as a monument of womanhood, its exterior is unchanged. Here she resided many years, and never would be induced to revisit Rome, after the murder of her younger son. She cultivated a variety of flowers, and naturalised exotic plants, and brought together trees from vale and mountain; trees unproductive of fruit, but affording her, in their superintendence and management, a tranquil and expectant pleasure. "There is no amusement," said she, "so lasting and varied, so healthy and peaceful as gardening." We read that the Babylonians and Persians were formerly much

addicted to similar places of recreation. I have scarcely any knowledge in these matters, and the first time I went thither, I asked many questions of the gardener's boy, a child about nine years old. He thought me even more ignorant than I was, and said, among other such remarks, "I do not know what they call this plant at Rome, or whether they have it there, but it is among the commonest here, beautiful as it is, and we call it *cytisus*." "Thank you, child!" said I smiling, "and," pointing toward two cypresses, "pray what do you call those high and gloomy trees at the extremity of the avenue, just above the precipice?" "Others like them," replied he, "are called cypresses, but these, I know not why, have always been called *Tiberius* and *Caius*."

Quinctus. Of all studies the most delightful and the most useful is biography. The seeds of great events lie near the surface, historians delve too deep for them. No history was ever true. Lives I have read which, if they were not, had the appearance, the interest, and the utility of truth.

Marcus. I have collected facts about Cornelia, worth recording, and I would commemorate them the rather, as, while the Greeks have had among them no few women of abilities, we can hardly mention two.

Quinctus. Yet ours have advantages which theirs had not. Did Cornelia die unrepining and contented?

Marcus. She was firmly convinced to the last that an agrarian law would have been just and beneficial, and was consoled that her illustrious sons had discharged at once the debt of nature and of patriotism. Glory is a light that shines from us on others, and not from others on us. Assured that future ages would render justice to the memory of her children, Cornelia thought they had already received the highest approbation, when they had received their own.

Quinctus If anything was wanting, their mother gave it.
Marcus. No stranger of distinction left Italy without a visit to her. You would imagine that they, and that she particularly, would avoid the mention of her sons. It was however the subject on which she most delighted to converse, and which she never failed to introduce on finding a worthy auditor. I have heard from our father and from Scævola, both of whom in their adolescence had been present on such occasions, that she mentioned her children, no longer indeed with the calm complacency and full content with which she showed them to the lady of Campania as her gems and ornaments, but with such an exultation of delight at their glory, as she would the heroes of antiquity. So little of what is painful in emotion did she exhibit at the recital, those who could not comprehend her magnanimity at first believed her maddened by her misfortunes; but so many signs of wisdom soon displayed themselves, such staidness and sedateness of demeanour, such serene majestic suavity, they felt as if some deity were present. and when wonder and admiration and awe permitted them to lift up their eyes again toward her, they discovered from hers that the fondest of mothers had been speaking, the mother of the Gracchi.

Your remark on biography is just, yet how far below the truth is even the best representation of those whose minds the Gods have illuminated! How much greater would the greatest man appear, if any one about him could perceive those innumerable filaments of thought, which break as they arise from the brain, and the slenderest of which is worth all the wisdom of many at whose discretion lies the felicity of nations! This in itself is impossible; but there are fewer who mark what appears on a sudden and disappears again (such is the conversation of the wise) than there are who cal-

culate those stars that are now coming forth above us scarcely one in several millions can apportion, to what is exalted in mind, its magnitude, place, and distance. We must be contented to be judged by that which people can discern and handle that which they can have among them most at leisure is most likely to be well examined and duly estimated. Whence I am led to believe that my writings, and those principally which instruct men in their rights and duties, will obtain me a solider and more extensive reputation than I could have acquired in public life, by busier, harder, and more anxious labours. Public men appear to me to live in that delusion which Socrates, in the *Phædo*, would persuade us is common to all our species. "We live in holes," says he, "and fancy that we are living in the highest parts of the earth." What he says physically I would say morally. Judge whether my observation is not at least as reasonable as his hypothesis, and indeed, to speak ingenuously, whether I have not converted what is physically false and absurd into what is morally true and important.

Quinctus True, beyond a question, and important as those whom it concerns will let it be. They who stand in high stations, wish for higher, but they who have occupied the highest of all, often think with regret of some one pleasanter they left below. Servius Tullius, a prudent man, dedicated to Fortune what we call the narrow temple, with a statue in proportion, expressing his idea that Fortune in the condition of mediocrity is more reasonably than in any other the object of our vows. He could have given her as magnificent a name, and as magnificent a residence, as any she possesses, and you know she has many of both, but he wished perhaps to try whether for once she would be as favourable to wisdom as to enterprise.

Marcus. If life allows us time for the experiment, let us also try it

Sleep, which the Epicureans and others have represented as the image of death, is, we know, the repairer of activity and strength. If they spoke reasonably and consistently, they might argue from their own principles, or at least take the illustration from their own fancy, that death like sleep may also restore our powers, and in proportion to its universality and absoluteness. Pursuers as they are of pleasure, their unsettled and restless imagination loves rather to brood over an abyss, than to expatiate on places of amenity and composure. Just as sleep is the renovator of corporal vigour, so, with their permission, I would believe death to be of the mind's; that the body, to which it is attached rather from habitude than from reason, is little else than a disease to our immortal spirit, and that, like the remora, of which mariners tell marvels, it counteracts, as it were, both oar and sail, in the most strenuous advances we can make toward felicity. Shall we lament to feel this reptile drop off? Or shall we not, on the contrary, leap with alacrity on shore, and offer up in gratitude to the Gods whatever is left about us uncorroded and unshattered? A broken and abject mind is the thing least worthy of their acceptance

Quinctus. Brother, you talk as if there were a plurality of Gods.

Marcus. I know not and care not how many there may be of them. Philosophy points to unity. but while we are here, we speak as those do who are around us, and employ in these matters the language of our country. Italy is not so fertile in hemlock as Greece; yet a wise man will dissemble half his wisdom on such a topic, and I, as you remember, adopting the means of dialogue, have often delivered my opinions in the voice of

others, and speak now as custom not as reason leads me

Quintus. Marcus, I still observe in you somewhat of aversion to Epicurus, a few of whose least important positions you have controverted in your dialogues and I wish that, even there, you had been less irrisory, less of a pleader that you had been, in dispassionate urbanity, his follower. Such was also the opinion of two men the most opposite in other things, Brutus and Cæsar. Religions may fight in the street or over the grave, Philosophy never should. We ought to forgo the manners of the forum in our disquisitions, which if they continue to be agitated as they have been, will be designated at last not only by foul epithets drawn from that unsober tub, but, as violence is apt to increase in fury until it falls from exhaustion, by those derived from war and bloodshed. I should not be surprised if they who write and reason on our calm domestic duties, on our best and highest interests, should hereafter be designated by some such terms as *polemical* and *sarcastic*. As horses start aside from objects they see imperfectly, so do men. Enmities are excited by an indistinct view, they would be allayed by conference. Were it possible for you to have spent an hour with Epicurus, you would have been delighted with him, for his nature was like the better part of yours. Zeno set out from an opposite direction, yet they meet at last and shake hands. He who shows us how Fear may be reasoned with and pacified, how Death may be disarmed of terrors, how Pleasure may be united with Innocence and with Constancy; he who persuades us that Vice is painful and vindictive, and that Ambition, deemed the most manly of our desires, is the most childish and illusory, deserves our gratitude. Children would fall asleep before they had trifled so long as grave men do. If you must quarrel with

Epicurus on the principal good, take my idea. The happy man is he who distinguishes the boundary between desire and delight, and stands firmly on the higher ground, he who knows that pleasure not only is not possession, but is often to be lost and always to be endangered by it. In life, as in those prospects which if the sun were above the horizon we should see from hence, the objects covered with the softest light, and offering the most beautiful forms in the distance, are wearisome to attain, and barren.

In one of your last letters you told me that you had come over into the camp of your old adversary, Epicurus.

Marcus I could not rest with him. As we pardon those reluctantly who destroy our family tombs, is it likely or reasonable that he should be forgiven, who levels to the ground the fabric to which they lead, and to which they are only a rude and temporary vestibule?

Quinctus Socrates was heard with more attention, Pythagoras had more authority in his lifetime, but no philosopher hath excited so much enthusiasm in those who never frequented, never heard nor saw him, and yet his doctrines are not such in themselves as would excite it. How then can it be? otherwise than partly from the innocence of his life, and partly from the relief his followers experienced in abstraction from unquiet and insatiable desires. Many, it is true, have spoken of him with hatred but among his haters are none who knew him. Which is remarkable, singular, wonderful: for hatred seems as natural to men as hunger is, and excited like hunger by the presence of its food, and the more exquisite the food, the more excitable is the hunger.

Marcus I do not remember to have met anywhere before with the thought you have just expressed. Certain it is however that men in general have a propensity



to hatred, profitless as it is and painful. We say proverbially, after Ennius, or some other old poet, the descent to Avernus is easy: not less easily are we carried down to the more pestiferous pool, whereinto we would drag our superiors and submerge them. It is the destiny of the obscure to be despised, it is the privilege of the illustrious to be hated. Whoever hates me, proves and feels himself to be less than I am. If in argument we can make a man angry with us, we have drawn him from his vantage-ground and overcome him. For he who, in order to attack a little man (and every one calls his adversary so) ceases to defend the truth, shows that truth is less his object than the little man. I profess the tenets of the New Academy, because it teaches us modesty in the midst of wisdom, and leads through doubt to inquiry. Hence it appears to me that it must render us quieter and more studious without doing what Epicurus would do, that is, without singing us to sleep in groves and meadows, while our country is calling on us loudly to defend her. Nevertheless I have lived in the most familiar way with Epicureans, as you know, and have loved them affectionately. There is no more certain sign of a narrow mind, of stupidity, and of arrogance, than to stand aloof from those who think differently from us. If they have weighed the matter in dispute as carefully, it is equitable to suppose that they have the same chance as we have of being in the right: if they have not, we may as reasonably be out of humour with our footman or chairman. He is more ignorant and more careless of it still.

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Quinctus I see the servants have lighted the lamps in the house earlier than usual, hoping, I suppose, we shall retire to rest in good time, that to-morrow they may prepare the festivities for your birthday. Within how

few minutes has the night closed in upon us. Nothing is left discernible of the promontories, or the long irregular breakers under them. We have before us only a faint glimmering from the shells in our path, and from the blossoms of the arbutus.

Marcus The little solitary Cucean hull, and the even nearer, loftier, and whiter rocks of Anxur, are become indistinguishable. We leave our Cato and our Lucullus, we leave Cornelia and her children, the scenes of friendship and the recollections of greatness, for Lepidus and Octavius and Antonius, and who knows whether this birthday, between which and us so few days intervene, may not be, as it certainly will be the least pleasurable, the last!

Quinctus Do not despond, my brother!

Marcus I am as far from despondency and dejection as from joy and cheerfulness. Death has two aspects dreary and sorrowful to those of prosperous, mild and almost genial to those of adverse fortune. Her countenance is old to the young, and youthful to the aged; to the former her voice is importunate, her gait terrific: the latter she approaches like a bedside friend, and calls in a whisper that invites to rest. To us, my Quinctus, advanced as we are on our way, weary from its perplexities and dizzy from its precipices, she gives a calm welcome, let her receive a cordial one.

If life is a present which any one foreknowing its contents would have willingly declined, does it not follow that any one would as willingly give it up, having well tried what they are? I speak of the reasonable, the firm, the virtuous, not of those who, like bad governors, are afraid of laying down the powers and privileges they have been proved unworthy of holding. Were it certain that the longer we live the wiser we become and the happier, then indeed a long life would be desirable.

but since on the contrary our mental strength decays, and our enjoyments of every kind not only sink and cease, but diseases and sorrows come in place of them, if any wish is rational, it is surely the wish that we should go away unshaken by years, undepressed by griefs, and undespoiled of our better faculties. Life and death appear more certainly ours than whatsoever else and yet hardly can that be called ours, which comes without our knowledge, and goes without it or that which we cannot put aside if we would, and indeed can anticipate but little. There are few who can regulate life to any extent, none who can order the things it shall receive or exclude. What value then should be placed upon it by the prudent man, when duty or necessity calls him away? or what reluctance should he feel on passing into a state where at least he must be conscious of fewer checks and incapacities? Such, my brother, as the brave commander, when from the secret and dark passages of some fortress, wherein implacable enemies besieged him, having performed all his duties and exhausted all his munition, he issues at a distance into open day.

Every thing has its use; life to teach us the contempt of death, and death the contempt of life. Glory, which among all things between stands eminently the principal, although it has been considered by some philosophers as mere vanity and deception, moves those great intellects which nothing else could have stirred, and places them where they can best and most advantageously serve the commonwealth. Glory can be safely despised by those only who have fairly won it: a low, ignorant, or vicious man should dispute on other topics. The philosopher who contemns it, has every rogue in his sect, and may reckon that it will outlive all others. Occasion may have been wanting to some, I grant it. they may have remained their whole lifetime like dials in the shade,

always fit for use and always useless· but this must occur either in monarchical governments, or where persons occupy the first stations who ought hardly to have been admitted to the secondary, and whom jealousy has guided more frequently than justice.

It is true there is much inequality, much inconsiderateness, in the distribution of fame, and the principles according to which honour ought to be conferred are not only violated, but often inverted. Whoever wishes to be thought great among men, must do them some great mischief, and the longer he continues in doing things of this sort, the more he will be admired. The features of Fortune are so like those of Genius as to be mistaken by almost all the world. We whose names and works are honourable to our country, and destined to survive her, are less esteemed than those who have accelerated her decay yet even here the sense of injury rises from and is accompanied by a sense of merit, the tone of which is deeper and predominant.

When we have spoken of life, death, and glory, we have spoken of all important things, except friendship· for eloquence and philosophy, and other inferior attainments, are either means conducive to life and glory, or antidotes against the bitterness of death. We cannot conquer fate and necessity, yet we can yield to them in such a manner as to be greater than if we could. I have observed your impatience. you were about to appeal in behalf of virtue. But virtue is presupposed in friendship, as I have mentioned in my *Lectures*; nor have I ever separated it from philosophy or from glory. I discussed the subject most at large and most methodically in my treatise on our *Duties*, and I find no reason to alter my definition or deductions. On friendship, in the present condition of our affairs, I would say but little. Could I begin my existence again, and what is equally

impossible, could I see before me all I have seen, I would choose few acquaintances, fewer friendships, no familiarities. This rubbish, for such it generally is, collecting at the base of an elevated mind, lessens its height and impairs its character. What requires to be sustained, if it is greater, falls, if it is smaller, is lost to view by the intervention of its supporters.

In literature great men suffer more from their little friends than from their potent enemies. It is not by our adversaries that our early shoots of glory are nipped and broken off, or our later pestilentially blighted, it is by those who lie at our feet, and look up to us with a solicitous and fixed regard, until our shadow grows thicker and makes them colder. Then they begin to praise us as worthy men indeed and good citizens, but as rather vain, and what (to speak the truth) in others they should call presumptuous. They entertain no doubt of our merit in literature, yet justice forces them to declare that several have risen up lately who promise to surpass us. Should it be asked of them who these are, they look modest, and tell you softly and submissively, it would ill become them to repeat the eulogies of their acquaintance, and that no man pronounces his own name so distinctly as another's. I had something of oratory once about me, and was borne on high by the spirit of the better Greeks. Thus they thought of me, and they thought of me, Quinctus, no more than thus. They had reached the straits, and saw before them the boundary, the impassable Atlantic of the intellectual world. But now I am a bad citizen and a worse writer. I want the exercise and effusion of my own breath to warm me. I must be chafed by an adversary. I must be supported by a crowd. I require the forum, the rostra, the senate in my individuality I am nothing.

Quinctus. I remember the time when, instead of

smiling, you would have been offended and angry at such levity and impudence.

Marcus. You remember the apologue of Critobulus.

Quinctus. No, I do not

Marcus. It was sent to me by Pomponius Atticus soon after my marriage I must surely have shown it to you

Quinctus. Not you indeed, and I should wonder that so valuable a present, so rare an accession to Rome as any new Greek volume, could have come into your hands, and not out of them into mine, if you had not mentioned that it was about the time of your nuptials. Let me hear the story.

Marcus. "I was wandering," says Critobulus, "in the midst of a forest, and came suddenly to a small round fountain or pool, with several white flowers (I remember) and broad leaves in the centre of it, but clear of them at the sides, and of a water the most pellucid. Suddenly a very beautiful figure came from behind me, and stood between me and the fountain. I was amazed I could not distinguish the sex, the form being youthful and the face toward the water, on which it was gazing and bending over its reflection, like another Hylas or Narcissus. It then stooped and adorned itself with a few of the simplest flowers, and seemed the fonder and tenderer of those which had borne the impression of its graceful feet. and having done so, it turned round and looked upon me with an air of indifference and unconcern. The longer I fixed my eyes on her, for I now perceived it was a female, the more ardent I became and the more embarrassed. She perceived it and smiled. I would have taken her hand. 'You shall presently,' said she, and never fell on mortal a diviner glance than on me. I told her so. She replied, 'You speak well.' I then fancied she was simple and weak, and fond of

flattery, and began to flatter her. She turned her face away from me, and answered nothing. I declared my excessive love: she went some paces off. I swore it was impossible for one who had ever seen her to live without her: she went several paces farther. 'By the immortal gods!' I cried, 'you shall not leave me.' She turned round and looked benignly, but shook her head. 'You are another's then! Say it! say it! utter the word once from your lips—and let me die.' She smiled, more melancholy than before, and replied, 'O Crito-bulus! I am indeed another's, I am a God's.' The air of the interior heavens seemed to pierce me as she spoke, and I trembled as impassioned men may tremble once. After a pause, 'I might have thought it!' cried I 'why then come before me and torment me.' She began to play and trifle with me, as became her age (I fancied) rather than her engagement, and she placed my hand upon the flowers in her lap without a blush. The whole fountain would not at that moment have assuaged my thirst. The sound of the breezes and of the birds around us, even the sound of her own voice, were all confounded in my ear, as colours are in the fulness and intensity of light. She said many pleasing things to me, to the earlier and greater part of which I was insensible, but in the midst of those which I could hear and was listening to attentively, she began to pluck out the grey hairs from my head, and to tell me that the others too were of a hue not very agreeable. My heart sank within me. Presently there was hardly a limb or feature without its imperfection. 'O!' cried I in despair, 'you have been used to the Gods: you must think so: but among men I do not believe I am considered as ill-made or un-seemly.' She paid little attention to my words or my vexation, and when she had gone on with my defects for some time longer, in the same calm tone and

with the same sweet countenance, she began to declare that she had much affection for me, and was desirous of inspiring it in return! I was about to answer her with rapture, when on a sudden, in her girlish humour she stuck a thorn, wherewith she had been playing, into that part of the body which supports us when we sit. I know not whether it went deeper than she intended, but catching at it, I leaped up in shame and anger, and at the same moment felt something upon my shoulder. It was an amulet inscribed with letters of bossy adamant, 'Jove to his daughter Truth.'

"She stood again before me at a distance, and said gracefully, 'Critobulus! I am too young and simple for you, but you will love me still, and not be made unhappy by it in the end. Farewell!'"

Quinctus. Excuse my interruption. I heard a few days ago a pleasant thing reported of Asinius Pollio: he said at supper, your language is that of an Allobrox.

Marus. After supper, I should rather think, and with Antonus. Asinius, urged by the strength of instinct, picks from amidst the freshest herbage the dead dry stalk, and doses and dreams about it where he cannot find it. Acquired, it is true, I have a certain portion of my knowledge, and consequently of my language, from the Allobroges. I cannot well point out the place: the walls of Romulus, the habitations of Janus and of Saturn, and the temple of Capitoline Jove, which the confessions I extorted from their ambassadors gave me in my consulate the means of saving, stand at too great a distance from this terrace.

Quinctus. Certainly you have much to look back upon, of what is most proper and efficacious to console you: but to leave behind us our children, if indeed it will be permitted them to stay behind, is painful.

Marcus. Among the contingencies of life, it is that for which we ought to be the best prepared, as the most regular and ordinary in the course of nature. We bequeathe to our children a field illuminated by our glory and enriched by our example a noble patrimony, and beyond the jurisdiction of prætor or proscriber. Nor indeed is our fall itself without its fruit to them for violence is the cause why that is often called a calamity which is not, and repairs in some measure its injuries by exciting to commiseration and tenderness. The pleasure a man receives from his children resembles that which, with more propriety than any other, we may attribute to the Divinity. for to suppose that his chief satisfaction and delight should arise from the contemplation of what he has done or can do, is to place him on a level with a runner or a wrestler. The formation of a world, or of a thousand worlds, is as easy to him as the formation of an atom. Virtue and intellect are equally his production; yet he subjects them in no slight degree to our volition. His benevolence is gratified at seeing us conquer our wills and rise superior to our infirmities, and at tracing day after day a nearer resemblance in our moral features to his. We can derive no pleasure but from exertion he can derive none from it since exertion, as we understand the word, is incompatible with omnipotence.

Quinctus. Proceed, my brother! for in every depression of mind, in every excitement of feeling, my spirits are equalised by your discourse, and that which you said with too much brevity of our children, soothes me greatly.

Marcus. I am persuaded of the truth in what I have spoken and yet—ah, Quinctus! there is a tear that Philosophy cannot dry, and a pang that will rise as we approach the Gods.

Two things tend beyond all others, after philosophy, to inhibit and check our ruder passions as they grow

and swell in us, and to keep our gentler in their proper play and these two things are, seasonable sorrow and inoffensive pleasure, each moderately indulged. Nay, there is also a pleasure, humble, it is true, but graceful and insinuating, which follows close upon our very sorrows, reconciles us to them gradually, and sometimes renders us at last undesirous altogether of abandoning them. If ever you have remembered the anniversary of some day whereon a dear friend was lost to you, tell me whether that anniversary was not purer and even calmer than the day before. The sorrow, if there should be any left, is soon absorbed, and full satisfaction takes place of it, while you perform a pious office to Friendship, required and appointed by the ordinances of Nature. When my Tulliola was torn away from me, a thousand plans were in readiness for immortalising her memory, and raising a monument up to the magnitude of my grief. The grief itself has done it: the tears I then shed over her assuaged it in me, and did every thing that could be done for her, or hoped, or wished. I called upon Tulliola. Rome and the whole world heard me. Her glory was a part of mine and mine of hers, and when Eternity had received her at my hands, I wept no longer. The tenderness wherewith I mentioned and now mention her, though it suspends my voice, brings what consoles and comforts me: it is the milk and honey left at the sepulchre, and equally sweet (I hope) to the departed.

The Gods, who have given us our affections, permit us surely the uses and the signs of them. Immoderate grief, like every thing else immoderate, is useless and pernicious, but if we did not tolerate and endure it, if we did not prepare for it, meet it, commune with it, if we did not even cherish it in its season, much of what is best in our faculties, much of our tenderness, much of our generosity, much of our patriotism, much

also of our genius, would be stifled and extinguished

When I hear any one call upon another to be manly and to restrain his tears, if they flow from the social and the kind affections I doubt the humanity and distrust the wisdom of the counsellor. Were he humane, he would be more inclined to pity and to sympathise than to lecture and reprove, and were he wise, he would consider that tears are given us by nature as a remedy to affliction, although, like other remedies, they should come to our relief in private. Philosophy, we may be told, would prevent the tears by turning away the sources of them, and by raising up a rampart against pain and sorrow. I am of opinion that Philosophy, quite pure and totally abstracted from our appetites and passions, instead of serving us the better, would do us little or no good at all. We may receive so much light as not to see, and so much philosophy as to be worse than foolish. My eloquence, whatever (with Pollio's leave) it may be, would at least have sufficed me to elucidate and explore those ulterior tracts which the Greeks have coasted negligently and have left unsettled. Although I think I have done somewhat more than they, I am often dissatisfied with the scantiness of my store and the limits of my excursions. Every question has given me the subject of a new one, which has always been better treated than the preceding, and, like Archimedes, whose tomb appears now before me as when I first discovered it at Syracuse, I could almost ask of my enemy time to solve my problem.

Quinctus! Quinctus! let us exult with joy. there is no enemy to be appeased or avoided. We are moving forward, and without exertion, thither where we shall know all we wish to know, and how greatly more than, whether in Tusculum or in Formiæ, in Rome or in Athens, we could ever hope to learn!

NOTES

MARCELLUS AND HANNIBAL.

This dialogue is based on the account that Plutarch gives of the death of Marcellus. According to Plutarch, Marcellus was dead before Hannibal came to him. Lancelotti has necessarily to prolong his life, or there would have been no conversation. The dialogue brings out Hannibal's generous admiration of his fallen enemy, which is contrasted with the greed and revengeful spirit of the Gaulish barbarian. Marcellus is a high type of the fortitude and patriotic virtue by which Rome became mistress of the world. The quotations from Plutarch in the notes on this and the following dialogue are from J. and W. Langhorne's translation.

Page 1. Could a Numidian horseman ride no faster? We must suppose that one of the Numidian horsemen who lay in ambush for the party of Marcellus did not ride quick enough when he brought the news of the encounter to Hannibal. At this point Hannibal learns that Marcellus is already dead, and thinks the horseman might have ridden quicker with the news. Hannibal's victories were largely due to the excellence of his Numidian cavalry.

Broad leaves, to make him a couch

The golden chain of our king. The Gaulish chieftain recognizes the chain as having belonged to the Gaulish king, Vindomarus, whom Marcellus slew, thereby for the third time in Roman history winning the *spolia opima* (goodly spoils), that is spoils won by a Roman commander in single combat with the leader of the enemy. These spoils, as we see on the following page, were hung up according to the custom in the temple of Jupiter. But, according to

Hannibal, Marcellus did not think the chain worthy of such high honour **grinders, teeth.** This is a slang word that Lancelotti would hardly have used, had not the speaker been a Carthaginian.

sound for the surgeon, sound the trumpet to summon the surgeon. 'Sound' in the first edition is probably a misprint.

arrow Plutarch says he was 'run through between the shoulders with a lance'.

conqueror of Syracuse Marcellus captured Syracuse in 212 B.C. Hannibal, since such a great adversary has fallen, regards himself as virtually at the gates of Rome, although he was actually at Venusia, nearly two hundred miles away.

2. form and stature Hannibal, as the story is told by Plutarch, "standing over the body a long time, surveyed its size and mien but without speaking one insulting word, or shewing the least sign of joy, which might have been ex-

pected at the fall of so dangerous and formidable an enemy. He stood indeed awhile astonished at the strange death of so great a man, and at last taking his signet from his finger, he caused his body to be magnificently attired and buried, and the ashes to be put in a silver urn, and then placed a crown of gold upon it and sent it to his son. From this extract it will be seen how far Landon follows Plutarch. He agrees with Plutarch in representing Hannibal as generous to his fallen foe and as taking the ring from his finger, but he makes Hannibal take the ring from the living Marcellus, that he may sign a dispatch to Rome. The story of how Marcellus came into possession of the ring is Landon's invention.

Indeed I think As he proceeds, he improves upon his previous assertion.

When Italy He imagines that Marcellus having fallen, he will conquer not only Rome, but all the known world.

those rubies, &c. The Gaul here reveals a national trait, love of finery, and, in his next speech, exaggeration. Landon did not love the French, and probably intended this as a reflection upon the modern Gaul. Perhaps the hint was derived from Plutarch's description of the rich armour of Vindomarus, "which, being set off with gold and silver and the most lively colours, shone like lightning."

3. a longer, than eternity

these follow, the fate of Rome and Carthage depends upon the life of Marcellus and the triumph of Hannibal.

thou hast found it, the means to alleviate the mortal pain.

Recommend, &c. This is probably suggested by the story of Regulus, the one captured by the Carthaginians, who refused that he might be free to return to

make peace and accept the Carthaginian terms. His noble refusal to give such advice is splendidly celebrated by Horace in one of his patriotic odes (C, III, 1).

tablet The Romans wrote their letters on pairs of tablets enclosing wax, on which the characters were traced with a pointed pen called the stylus, whence our word 'style' is derived.

smile Hannibal misunderstands the smile of Marcellus. He thinks that it indicates relief from pain, whereas Marcellus smiled contemptuously at the idea of his recommending submission to the Romans.

Minos, the King of Crete, who was appointed judge of the dead. Compare the great speech in which Racine's Phœdre asks herself what Minos will say to her when she appears as a criminal before his judgement seat. In her case the prospect is more terrible, as Minos is not only her judge but also her father.

4. many left Such was the answer of the Spartan mother of Brasidas to those who praised the memory of her son. "Sparta hath many a worthier son than he" (*Childe Harold*, IV, 1).

falsehood Hannibal does not believe that Rome has many such men as Marcellus. In the next sentence he proceeds to warn Marcellus of the evil consequences his refusal may produce.

the Gauls Another severe reflection on the character of the Gauls. Compare note on p. 2.

thou art not dying Through-out the scene Marcellus addresses Hannibal as the superior, regular while Hannibal employs the phrase addressing Marcellus. The scene is grand and poetical, is intended to give greater solemnity to the utterances of a Roman and a dying man. For the distinction

between 'thou' and 'you' in Elizabethan English, see Abbott's *School Spanish Grammar*.

would not dare be cruel. because the Roman soldiers were perfectly disciplined. Nevertheless, according to Plutarch, Marcellus could not save Syracuse from being sacked, "for the troops demanded the plunder and not one of the officers durst oppose it".

under, as a pillow

that her gift and her words should be mine, that I should give her gift to another under similar circumstances and speak words like hers asking protection

5. exchange of guests This is an allusion to the ancient practice of guest friendship between those who were mutually hosts and guests. The chief duty of a guest friend was to

entertain you if you visited his country. At parting you would exchange gifts. The best illustration of this is the exchange of amon between Glaucus and Diomedes in the sixth *Iliad*.

either, adverse or prosperous fortune. His body is practically dead, and beyond the reach of suffering or pleasure.

Tuscans, and therefore not worth considering

6. dragged him away This is in accordance with Plutarch, who says that, when Marcellus was dead, his followers, leaving his body, "carried off his son, who was wounded".

he would have shared my fate Marcellus died in peace because his son had fought like a brave man and a devoted son and yet survived.

METELLUS AND MARIUS

This dialogue is based on the account of the conclusion of the siege of Numantia given by Appian, according to which Scipio allowed the inhabitants a day in which to make an end of themselves. Those who wished availed themselves of this privilege, and the remainder were allowed to depart. Landor intensifies the tragedy by representing *all* the Numantians as perishing in one great "civic fire". Indian students will be reminded by this story of the *poahar*, "the last awful sacrifice which Rajput despair offers to honour and the gods. Rajputs choose rather to die than fall into an enemy's hands, and willingly mount the funeral pyre, strewed for the sacrifice with sandal wood and wetted with fragrant oil. When the women have accomplished the fearful rite the men dedicate themselves to death by donning sashion robes", as related in the description of the capture of Chitor in the Count of Noct's *Life of Akbar*. Plutarch mentions that Marius served under Scipio at Numantia, and that he had an hereditary dependence on the house of the Metelli through whose influence he was afterwards chosen tribune of the people. The Metelli were a noble family, so sure of getting the highest offices in the State, that the poet Naevius wrote,

"Fato Metelli Romae sunt consules";

for which he was put in prison. The particular Metellus who takes part in Landor's dialogue was Caius Cecilius Metellus Caprinus, who served under Scipio as a military tribune at Numantia. He was the fourth son of Q. Cecilius Metellus Macedonicus. As the ability of the four sons was in proportion to their age, the oldest being the brightest and the youngest

the stupidest, Scipio remarked that, if a fifth son had been born, he would have been an ass. Although Lander quotes this anecdote, he does not put it prominently in his remarks into the mouth of Cæcilius Metellus, as such a thing a Lander would have done. In his portraiture of character he generally avoids any approach to caricature, and is most careful not to overstep the modesty of nature. By this means he makes his characters more like real men and women, even if they are on that account less clearly distinguishable from one another in our minds.

6. What seest thou? Marius must now be supposed to have mounted the wall. Metellus addresses him from below, although the loud voice necessary for such a conversation would have been exceedingly imprudent under the circumstances.

Lift the ladder so as to let it down on the other side of the wall and descend thereby into the city.

7. Shame on thee! Metellus thinks that Marius is afraid to proceed.

My shield shall cover thee How could Metellus, standing on the ground, put his shield over Marius as he descended the ladder?

Crete This comparison is a reminiscence of his early days. Plutarch tells us that his parents supported them-selves by agricultural labour and he was brought up at "Civertum, a village in the territory of Arpinum." The mummy is due to the blood being sucked in by the thirsty earth, but surely its absorption would be quite audible. In another Conversation when a man is shot we are told that "the blood running from his breast, was audible as a swarm of insects in the sand."

About the sacrifice Marius sees a fire in the distance, and thinks that the Numantians are offering on it a burnt offering to their gods.

8. slippery with blood

9. there will be none opposite, because all the Numantians are dead. But, if there were living Numantians,

would he want to shake embers from his shield upon them?

sounded not so. Its feebleness was not due to faintness of heart on the part of him who blew it.

Should I say it What follows is so terrible that even the stern Marius shinks from speaking of it.

10. branches The jewels were hung on the trees, and fell with a sound like that of raintrops when the branches were burnt.

element, fire

we shall feast to-morrow. This is an expression of Roman insensibility to the sufferings of their enemies.

a tribune, not a tribune of the people but a tribune of the legion. There were ten tribunes to each legion, and they had power to command the whole legion.

our discovery Metellus annoys Marius by not saying "your discovery."

the tribune, the superior officer takes to himself all the credit of his subordinate's work.

If Scipio's words are fate Plutarch relates that Marius was honoured by an invitation to dine in Scipio's tent before Numantia. When a discussion arose as to where such a shelter general could be found when Scipio was gone, Scipio putting his hand on the shoulder of Marius said "Here perhaps."

11. the portals of the Capitol This anticipation was realized when he triumphed over the Cimbrians and Teutons.

JOHN OF GAUNT AND JOANNA OF KENT

In this Conversation as in "Leofric and Godiva", we have one of those portraits of noble womanhood in which Landon excels. Joanna is a type of high-souled chivalry as Godiva is of gentleness and tender compassion. Landon, being chivalrous himself, was well fitted to represent the spirit of chivalry, and it is characteristic of him that he should choose a woman as his ideal type. John of Gaunt, immortalized by Shakespeare as "time-honoured Lancaster", does not appear here in so favourable a light. He is no coward. It was not necessary to have an absolute coward as a foil to the high courage of Joanna. But he is unduly excited, and recklessly expresses his contempt for the mob, although by so doing he exposes not only himself but also a woman to danger. Joanna has a double object in view. She wishes to save her cousin from the fury of the mob, whom he has so recklessly abused and also to turn an enemy into a friend of her son. In the former attempt she is entirely successful through the womanly tact of her speech. In the latter she appears to fail, although she does her best to win John of Gaunt over by appealing to his better nature and giving him credit for a nobler disposition than he really has. Her appeal has a temporary effect. He recognizes that he owes his life to her interposition, and is ready to swear eternal loyalty, but his last words are intended to indicate that he still harbours ill-will against his royal nephew.

The scene of the Conversation, as we learn from the opening lines, is laid in John of Gaunt's house. Landon informs us in a note that "Joanna, called the Fair Maid of Kent, was cousin of the Black Prince whom she married. John of Gaunt was suspected of aiming at the crown in the beginning of Richard's minority, which, increasing the hatred of the people against him for favouring the sect of Wickliffe, excited them to demolish his house and to demand his impeachment. This is historically inaccurate. The London mob attacked Lancaster not during Richard's minority but in the last year of the reign of Edward III, and Lancaster happened then to be not in his own house but dining at the house of a London merchant, whence he fled for refuge to the residence of the young prince at Kennington. It was then that Joanna made his peace with the Londoners.

"I am", Landon confessed, "a horrible confounder of historical facts. I have usually one history that I have read another that I have invented." But the liberties that Landon like Shakespeare and Scott, took with historical facts (compare the introductory notes to the Conversations between Marcellus and Hannibal, Metellus and Marius, Hooker and Bacon) are from a literary point of view unimportant. If Disadvent historians could discover that the old story of the relief of Coventry from taxation is a myth, Landon's Imaginary Conversation between Leofric and Godiva would continue to be a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

my shield, &c., we have fought side by side

the Regency, the council of Regency appointed when Richard II, a boy of ten, succeeded to the throne in 1377.

these weeds, her widow's weeds. Weeds formerly meant any kind of clothing or armour. The word eventually became specialized to mean the mourning apparel of a widow.

felt them, tears. He means to say that he also has been moved to tears.

O my Edward! This paragraph is evidently an 'aside', as in it she calls John of Gaunt her son's enemy. Her plan is to make him her son's friend by treating him as such, although she knows him to be really hostile.

Thy memory. Notice how Joanna here only employs the second person singular, because she is addressing her beloved husband.

I should cease to be so, because to claim to be generous implies an ungenerous feeling of superiority.

this arm is mine, and therefore strong to protect you.

who could have hurled. What the mob outside the house do and say has to be inferred from what is said in the dialogue, as stage directions are omitted.

18. I did not see the feather, its violent quivering rendered the feather of the arrow almost invisible.

Hold! stop! She tries to prevent him from showing himself to the people outside.

I shall be frightened. She fears that, unless she follows her immediate impulse to speak, womanly fear may overcome her.

he did revile. From this we infer that the mob shouted out that John of Gaunt had insulted them, as indeed he had.

to show it, to prove the truth of his words.

those angry cries, of the mob, reminding her that John of Gaunt was the enemy of Richard.

14. my handful of dust would dry up. Compare the Roman noble's contemptuous speech in Bulwer Lytton's *Rienzi*: "I would fain let then puddle-blood flow an hour or two longer." John of Gaunt means that as a handful of dust would dry up a small puddle, so he would soon scatter the low-born crowd. For the sake of the metaphor he identifies himself with the dust of which his body is composed. Compare Tennyson's "Dust are our flames and gilded dust our pride"; and "Two handfuls of white dust shut in an urn of brass", *Genesis*, iii 19, and the striking conclusion of the Conversation between Alexander and the Priest of Hammon.

I must fairly win it. He seems really moved, and thinks he must deserve her goodness by being loyal for the future.

"Who will answer", &c. Here and in the beginning of the next paragraph we have the exact words uttered by the crowd. By the same device in Mrs Caudle's *Curtain Lectures* we have a virtual dialogue although only one person speaks. This parsimony of interlocutors tends to produce unity. On the Greek stage only two or three actors were allowed to appear at the same time.

before we separate. She tactfully assumes that they are now in a hurry to go away.

Are the rioters. Gaunt hears the windows rattling, and thinks the crowd are busting in.

15. It shakes me. This is a warning to Gaunt of the danger he incurs by defying the voice of the people. It also reveals the democratic sentiments of Landoi, who regarded the people's voice as almost divine in accordance with the

democratic saying, *Vox populi, vox dei*

one star Gaunt pays his cousin an elegant compliment by comparing her to a star that calms the stormy seas. Compare Horace, *C.*, I, vii 27-32. London in ordinary life, as in his prose and poetry, was an adept in the art of paying fine compliments.

swear not Compare the conduct of Shakespeare's Brutus when he prevents his fellow-conspirators from taking an oath, "No, not an oath" (*Julius Caesar*, II, i).

Every man There is a double implication in these words. They remind Gaunt (1) that he has already

sworn allegiance and will cast doubt upon his own honour if he tries to confirm it by swearing again, and (2) that the whole nation has sworn allegiance and will crush him if he proves a traitor.

May— A powerful and natural apostrophe or interruption of a sentence before it is completed.

Your own great heart Here, as throughout, Joanna tries to make her cousin noble by speaking as if she thought he was noble.

Older than he, implying that Richard is mischievous and tickle.

The assailed is always, it is always right to strike a blow in self-defence.

LEOFRIC AND GODIVA

This dialogue should be compared with Tennyson's treatment of the subject in verse. There is a slight difference in time and in place. Tennyson describes the swearing of the oath as taking place in Coventry, and goes on to narrate how Godiva rode through the city. Lancelotti, with his usual predilection for an unacknowledged point of view, represents Leofric taking the oath as he and Godiva ride towards Coventry through the country. But the chief difference is in the conception of Leofric. Tennyson for the sake of contrast depicts him as a "grim earl" striding about the hall,

"His beard a foot before him and his lion
A yard behind".

There is none of this barbarity about Lancelotti's Leofric, who is at least a devoted and tender husband, although he has little compassion for the serfs who have refused him his dues. Both in this point and in his avoidance of the main incident of the story Lancelotti's treatment of the subject seems more delicate than Tennyson's. Also the dialogue invests the heroine with a more distinct personality and more winning sweetness, which brings her nearer to Tennyson's Elaine than to his Godiva. We see in Lancelotti's Conversation not only his heroine's sweet piety, but her love of flowers and her pretty fancy that they returned her love, her "hoof of delight at the blackbird's song, her blushes, her trick of expressing remorse by shaking her bright curls which her husband playfully called her serpents—her grateful memory of the old people who had attended her in her infancy. Most touching of all is the subtly humorous reflection with which at the end of the Conversation she relieves the tension of our feelings and her own. When she exclaims, "What a young mother for so large a family!" it is like the smile that for a moment lighted the tearful face of Andromache at her last meeting with her husband.

16. **creatures** such as the dead ox mentioned six lines before

Thou art afraid He wrongly thinks that she fears for her own safety. Throughout the dialogue Leofric addresses Godiva as 'thou' whereas he employs the more distant plural of courtesy in addressing her husband. This distinction may be intended to express the old-fashioned idea of the relative position of husband and wife which still survives in the 'obey' of the marriage service, or perhaps Godiva stands in awe of her husband because she has recently married him and he is a great earl.

Surely they cannot feel Here Landor attributes to Godiva his own love of flowers expressed in many passages of his works, especially in Lord Brooke's remark to Sidney, "The herbs clasp with health, seem to partake of sensitive and animated life, and to feel under my hand the benediction I would bestow on them", and in the beautiful lines

"I never pluck the rose, the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon
its bank
And not reproached me, the ever-
sacred top
Of the pure hly hath between my
hands
Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one
grain of gold"

Wordsworth professes the opinion suggested by Godiva and Lord Brooke that flowers have feelings —

"And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the a'rit breathes,"

on which Webb quotes a passage from the laws of Manu declaring that "vegetables, as well as animals, have internal consciousness and are sensible of pleasure and pain"

17. **Saint Michael's**, an old church in Coventry mentioned in a charter

as far back as the reign of Stephen. Ancient documents show that Leofric in conjunction with his wife was a munificent benefactor of the church, which renders the story of the brutal condition he imposed on his wife highly improbable unless we like to suppose that in the course of time his wife's influence made him pious.

In the first hurry She has tactfully waited for his anger to cool a little before making her petition.

Not my words *Ephesians*, iv. 26.

virtue, power, a meaning that still survives in the phrase 'by virtue of my office'

18. **blessing** The blessing she brings back is a curse.

parti-coloured coats, metonymy for gaily attired minstrels.

internal one The internal voice is conscience.

19. **think** is the infinitive of indignation to express an idea that must be immediately rejected, like the Latin *mente incepto desistere cogitant*.

no bishop can expect it She dismounts to kneel at his feet, and he thinks she is dismounting to pray for the bishop's blessing.

Earl Godwin, Harold's father, is regarded as a rival by Leofric. They were the two most powerful earls at the time and were often opposed to each other.

Will I pardon? Almost the only case in which 'will' can be used interrogatively with the first person is when the speaker, as here, repeats a question asked.

rood, cross Hence the name of Holyrood Abbey in Edinburgh.

20. **Thou hast heard it** The singular pronoun is employed in addressing a deity.

sunbeams, his pet name for her rippling tresses. Compare in Sid-

ney's *Aradia* "hei han—ala, too poor a word, why should I not rather call them her beams".

21. I do not hear thee The real

reason of his failing to hear her was that she was speaking to herself rather than to him and therefore did not raise her voice.

ESSEX AND SPENSER

This Conversation is concerned not with Spenser's poetry but with the tragical termination of his life. It is recorded in Drummond's notes of Ben Jonson's conversation that "the Irish having robbed Spenser's goods and burnt his house and a little child new born, he and his wife escaped". But the story is not confirmed by any other authority and may not be true. Both Ben Jonson and Phineas Fletcher speak of Essex as relieving the poet's necessities, so that Essex is naturally chosen to be the hearer of Spenser's terrible story. There is no admiring comment on Spenser as a poet in this dialogue. In fact, Landor was one of the few of Spenser's successors who did not highly appreciate his poetry. In a poem addressed to Wordsworth he says —

"Thee gentle Spenser fondly led,
But me he mostly sent to bed".

22. thy arrival In this dialogue also except in l. 17, Landor observes the distinction between 'thou' and 'you'. Essex, as much higher in rank, uses the singular pronoun in addressing Spenser, who always employs the plural of courtesy in addressing him.

Spenser died in London on January 16, 1599, soon after his return from Ireland. Essex defrayed the expenses of his funeral.

the real state of things in Ireland is depicted by Spenser in his extant prose work, entitled a *View of the Present State of Ireland*. This work hardly agrees with the epithet 'gentle' commonly applied to Spenser.

May your lordship overcome The same hope is expressed by Shakespeare in the Prologue to the fifth act of *Henry V.*

where the stroke shall fall This is an instance of dramatic irony. He little thought that the stroke would fall on himself.

23. Mulla In the fragment on "Mutability" Spenser describes the Mulla as "fou and bight". In "Colin Clout's Come Home Again" he is visited by Raleigh when, in the language of pastoral poetry, he is—

"Keeping his sheep among the coolly
shade
Of the green alders, by the Mulla's
shore."

no longer There is no evidence in Spenser's works of any love for the Irish people. The disgust with which they inspired him is vividly represented in the *Faery Queene*, for the account of the attack on Alma's castle is evidently based on scenes such as he had witnessed in Irish rebellions. He regarded the Irish as savages to be repressed by the sternest methods. Residence amongst the Irish he described in language that reminds us of Ovid's laments on his exile at Tomi. The land of his exile, however, he described as "a most beauti-

fil and sweet country as any under heaven.

Penshurst, a famous mansion in Kent, where his friend Sir Philip Sidney lived and, according to tradition, entertained him in 1579. It is the scene of the Imaginary Conversation between Sir Philip Sidney and his friend Lord Brooke.

from dearest reminiscences, for, as Tennyson says, echoing Dante, "a poet's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

and one another. No doubt we help one another by condolence, by grieving with those who grieve, weeping with those who weep. Spenser feels so much need of such aid that for the time he forgets that there are many other ways in which men can help one another effectually.

roll-call the calling over of names to see who is missing, especially after a battle. "Roll-call phrases" would seem to mean the ordinary expressions of condolence that are seldom wanting in time of sorrow.

24. in his presence. He is conscious of the presence of God, as Spenser himself is conscious of himself as Spenser's equal.

Philip, Sir Philip Sidney, whose untimely death Spenser lamented in pastoral elegies. For the use of the second person pronoun in this passionate apostrophe, compare note on p. 12.

Pastoral poetry. Compare Johnson's criticism of *Lycidas*, in which he remarks that "passion plucks no berries from the myrtle and ivy, nor calls upon Arethuse and Mincius, nor tells of rough Satyrs and Fauns with cloven heel. Where there is leisure for fiction, there is little grief." Many pastoral elegies were written in honour of Sidney by Spenser and others.

Leicester's. The Earl of Leicester was Elizabeth's chief favourite before Essex. He died in 1588. Sir Walter Raleigh was another favourite still

living. He was hostile to Essex, but a friendly patron of Spenser, who celebrates him in his poetry as the Shepherd of the Ocean.

O my sweet child! Spenser at last mentions the loss that made the long interrogation so painful, but cannot until the very end of the dialogue steel himself to give the horrible details of his son's death. For the 'thou' compare note on p. 12.

Happiness must be bought, paid for by subsequent pain, because happiness cannot last for ever and its loss makes us unhappy. Compare note on 'dearest reminiscences', p. 23.

25. How do I know. Here again we have dramatic irony. Essex little knows how terribly his foreboding will be fulfilled.

So say. For an appreciation and elaborate analysis of the harmony of the two following paragraphs see Saintsbury's *History of English Prose Rhythm*, pp. 338, 339.

happy pair. I and/or seldom impairs the stateliness of his prose by the introduction of phrases like this suggestive of commonplace gossip.

this was in the eyes of mourners.

Edmund. Notice how increase of sympathy is here indicated by the use of the Christian name.

the next year. This anticipation was partly fulfilled by Spenser's death in the following January. Essex was executed in 1601.

26. their infant burned. At last the terrible truth is wrung from his heart and Essex is overcome with horror.

the flames dart. Spenser sees it all over again in his imagination.

Elizabeth, his wife, celebrated in his Sonnets, his Epithalamion, and the tenth canto of the sixth book of the *Faery Queene*.

ask me nothing. After all he

finds his effort to be calm is useless. He cannot think coherently of anything after the shock to which he has been subjected.

27. guardian angels. Two of the most famous stanzas in the *Fairy Queen* (II, 8, 1-11) declare that there are guardian angels

left these arms upon my knees,
according to ordinary English usage should mean 'would not have let these arms remain on my knees', which would not make sense. We must therefore either take "upon my knees" with "he" and understand the meaning to be 'he, when seated on my knees (see p. 26, l. 10), would

not have left my arms', or with "arms" in which case "these arms upon my knees" is equivalent to 'my arms which are now on my knees'.

In support of the former interpretation compare the similar inversion on p. 74, l. 6. Mr. Cavenagh, who favours the latter interpretation says: 'we are to picture Spenser as sitting bowed down with grief, with his head buried in his hands and his elbows on his knees'.

I will envy no more. Formerly he had been inclined to envy Sidney and Raleigh their better opportunities of cultivating Spenser's friendship.

LORD BACON AND RICHARD HOOKER

In 1621 Bacon, who was then Lord Chancellor, was tried by the House of Lords and found guilty of corruption. He was sentenced to pay a fine of £40,000 and to be imprisoned in the Tower during the King's pleasure. However, he only remained a few days in the Tower, his fine was presently remitted, and he was eventually pardoned. But his fall was complete. He had perforce to give up public life, and for the five remaining years of his life devoted himself energetically to his philosophical and historical works. We must suppose that this conversation took place at Goughambury soon after his fall, when his mind had not yet recovered from the shock. Landon, however, is guilty of an extreme anachronism in representing Hooker, who died in 1600, as paying him a visit in 1621. Pope in his famous epigram describes Bacon as

"The brightest, wisest, meepest of mankind".

Landon highly appreciated Bacon's greatness, but in this dialogue portrays his meanness rather than his brightness and wisdom.

27. my too heavy affliction. See above.

Our store-room. Bacon is referring to his commonplace book and other notebooks in which he entered his own thoughts and extracts from the works he read. His *Commentarius Solutus* (random notes) for 1608 survives, and affords a curious revelation of his character.

the trouble of referring to our notebooks.

28. lord of Verulam. Bacon was raised to the peerage with this title in 1618. Landon forgets that in the beginning of 1621, before his fall, he was created Viscount of St. Albans.

foregone to chasten you, refrained from chastening you.

the very day on which Bacon became Lord Chancellor in January, 1618. Hooker thinks that the promotion to this high office was the

great trial to which his virtue was subjected and that he did not rise entirely superior to the temptations of such great prosperity, for his "features and stature" had not remained the same, which is a polite way of saying that he was somewhat puffed up by his elevation. He celebrated the climax of his prosperity, fortune and his sixtieth birthday at York House in 1620. See the description of that event given in his essay on Bacon by Macaulay, who quotes Ben Jonson's lines composed for the occasion —

"England's high chancellor, the
deserved heir
In his soft cradle to his father's
chair,
Whose even thread the Fates spin
round and full
Out of their choicest and their
whitest wool

ward and custody is an instance of bilingualism which is very common in Elizabethan prose and still survives in legal phrases such as this. London as a rule carefully avoids coupling together words of the same meaning, but would no doubt have justified it in this case as Hooker is imitating legal phraseology. Compare note on p. 86.

A hound's whelp, &c. This is an antithesis between a real and a metaphorical elevation, like the lines which Johnson condemns as a "vicious conclusion" to Dryden's *Alexander's Feast* —

"He raised a mortal to the skies,
She crew an angel down."

can be very sore. This implies that Bacon's heart was not rightly contrite.

right learned king. James I was learned but a pedant. Bacon, in his address to the king at the beginning of the *Advancement of Learning*, asserts that it is "a positive and measured truth that 'there hath not been since Christ's time

any king or temporal monarch, which hath been so learned in all literature and erudition divine and human' as James I. He was called by his adherents the British Solomon.

29. schoolman here means 'teacher' The word generally means scholastic philosopher.

by seven or thereabout. Here London's chronology is right. Bacon was born in 1560, Hooker about 1553. But in the first edition Bacon is represented as older than Hooker.

up springs a spike of rue. Although the noun 'rue' is of classical, and the verb 'rue' is of Teutonic origin, nevertheless, owing to the two words being identical in form, the verb 'rue' came to be symbolical of the meaning of the verb 'rue' and express repentance and mortification, on which account it was also called herb of grace. Hooker's meaning is, that just as towards the end of the year when the roses are past their full blossom and droop, the bitter rue in the same manner when happen to flag, we may suffer mortification. Hooker, however, comforts Bacon by pointing out that he has no occasion for serious mortification.

30 six tables. He assumes that the silver pint pots would be handed round, and that only one would be required for each table.

where no disease, where there was no fear of any evil disease being communicated from the lips of those who used the cup.

wildest luxuries. Bacon himself was excessively luxurious, as may be seen from his essays on Building and on Masques and Triumphs. The

comparison with Lord Leicester's folk of pure silver.

Master Thomas Coriatt travelled on foot 1975 miles over a great part

of Eupoe and afterwards to Surat in India, where he died in 1617. In his *Crudities* (1611) he gave an account of Venice and forty-four other cities that he visited in his travels. He relates that "the Italian and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy do always at their meals use a little fork . . . for the most part made of iron or steel, but some of silver." Hence we read in Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, iv 1, that a visitor to Venice must

"learn the use
And handling of his silver fork at
meals"

otherwise, if we had not been the special favourites of Providence

Malmsey, a strong sweet wine made in Greece and the Greek islands. In Pope's *Imitations of Horace* the town mouse recommends it to his country friend for its healing qualities —

"That jelly's rich, this malmsey
healing,
Pray dip your whiskers and your
tail in"

like the **Alpheus**; according to Greek mythology the river Alpheus flowed under the sea from Greece and rose in a Sicilian fountain. Bacon suggests, sarcastically that his servant is so liberal of Malmsey that he must surely think it comes from Greece in the same inexpensive manner and rises in an English fountain, so that it is no scarcer than spring water

many and growing infirmities
"Drink no longer water, but take
a little wine for thy stomach's sake
and thy often infirmities" (*x Timothy*, v 23)

31. not so chary. This is really an exposure of Bacon's selfish want of manners as contrasted with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, like a true gentleman, gave his humble guest the same good wine that he drank himself.

(c 727)

dittany, a herb famous for its healing powers. Its name is derived from Dictæ, a mountain of Crete, where it grew. In the *Jerusalem Delivered*, when Godfrey was wounded, an angel brought dittany to cure the wound, and the poet tells us that—

"Kind nature first upon the craggy
clift
Bewray'd this herb unto the monn-
tain goat,
That, when her sides a cruel shaft
bath'th, with
With it she shakes the blood out of
her coat

Here Tasso closely follows *Aeneid*, vii 411-24

my apothecary and my game-keeper. Bacon always insisted upon the necessity of experiment, which he compared with the stirring of witnesses for the purpose of discovering the truth. He also here manifests his cool selfishness. He goes on the principle, *fiat experimentum in corpore vivo* (Let bodies of no value be experimented upon), and instead of trying the effect of dittany upon his own mind and body, proposes to let his dependents run the risk of making the experiment. However, as a matter of fact he met his death by rashly making an experiment. He caught a chill while stuffing a hen with snow to discover the effect of cold upon putrefaction, and died a few days after in April, 1626. His apothecary's name was Peter Boener.

I dare not distrust. Here Hooker is represented as blindly yielding to the authority of grave writers. Bacon, on the contrary, taught men to accept nothing on authority, but to test every proposition by inductive logic, even though given on the authority of Aristotle.

32. in the higher parts, in the brain

Achilles was fabled to be vulnerable only on the heel, by which

Thetis held him when she plunged him in the Styx.

You would define Here Landor is thinking of the questions discussed in Hooker's great work, the *Ecclesiastical Polity*. Principalities, Dominations, and Powers are three of the nine orders into which the angels are divided in the hierarchy of Dionysius, the Areopagite. These and two other orders are specified in the address to the angels in *Paradise Lost*, v. 601 —

"Thrones, dominations, virtues,
princedom, powers"

Hooker sometimes refers to Dionysius, but does not appear to mention his angelic hierarchy. He was, however, deeply interested in the ministry of angels, and on his death-bed told a friend that "he was meditating the number and nature of angels and their blessed obedience and order".

Wisdom consisteth Compare the subordination of knowledge to wisdom in *In Memoriam*, cxiv

untruths made to resemble truths In like manner Socrates accused the sophists of making the worse appear the better reason by their ingenious arguments

touch it, touch truth "It" refers to 'truth' implied in 'truths'. This is awkward. But it would have been more awkward to have had 'them' referring to the plural 'truths', as 'them' at the beginning

of the sentence stands for 'philosophers'

evitata fervidis rotis (Horace, *C*, I, 1. 5), shunned with glowing wheels. The goal here means not the winning post, but a stone column set up as the turning point round which the chariots had to run. If they touched it, they would be wrecked, but they approximated as nearly as possible to it so as to traverse the shortest possible distance. Compare *Paradise Lost*, II 531

33. care nothing for chants and cadences, the harmonious sound of our sentences. Landor carefully studied the harmony of his prose, and recognized the fact that "an orderly and sweet sentence by gaining our ear conciliates our affections", but Bacon condemned what he called delicate learning which consisted in "hunting more after the choiceness of the phrase, and the round and clean composition of the sentence, and the sweet falling of the clauses, and the varying and illustration of their works with tropes and figures, rather than after the weight of matter, worth of subject, soundness of argument, life of invention, or depth of judgment" (*Advancement*, I, iv 3)

Francis Bacon Several philosophers made the motto inscribed on the portal of Delphi, "Know thyself", their motto. Bacon had avoided this study and devoted himself to the investigation of external nature

SOUTHEY AND PORSON

Two of Landor's Imaginary Conversations are dialogues between Southey and Porson. In both of them Wordsworth's poetry is the main subject of discussion. In the first Southey gives Wordsworth high and discriminating praise and recites *Laodamia*, which Porson admits to be "a most spirited thing", although he finds fault with two stanzas of the poem. In the second dialogue Wordsworth is much more harshly treated by Porson, who,

while admitting his many great merits, remarks in general terms upon his verbosity, vanity, and egoism, asserts that "his language is often harsh and dissonant", and criticises a large number of his verses "analytically and severely" In these two dialogues Landor shows his usual disregard of chronology. *Laodamia* and other poems discussed in them were published after the death of Porson, which took place in 1808. In the case of *Laodamia* Landor tries to bridge over the interval by representing it as unpublished at the time of the dialogue. But although Southey was an intimate friend of Wordsworth's, it is putting rather a severe strain on our credulity to ask us to believe that in or before 1808 he should have had in his possession the poem of *Laodamia* composed in 1814 and first published in the following year.

33. a commentator Porson was very fierce in his attacks upon other commentators. Landor was an early admirer of his. When he was a boy "we hear of his flinging an impetuous taunt across the table at a bishop who was dining with his father and who had spoken slightly of the scholarship of Porson" (Colvin)

What man ever Wordsworth gave the world a fine example of what he himself called "plain living and high thinking"

34. Pursuits of Literature, a series of Dialogues by T. J. Matthias, the first of which was published in 1794. In the fourth of these dialogues Porson was attacked. As the dialogues were anonymous, he might never have known their author's name; but Rogers in his *Table Talk* says Porson knew that Matthias wrote them, and therefore "used always to call him the Pursuer of Literature".

he entered "He" is the "little man" mentioned in the passage omitted as following Southey in the *Critical Review*, namely William Gifford, the first editor of the *Quarterly*, who is supposed to have written the notorious article upon Keats. He was also the author of the verse translation of Juvenal referred to below. It was really an admirable translation. A couplet from it will be found quoted in a note on p. 85. Landor brings Gifford and Matthias together again in the following epigram —

"Matthias, Gifford, men like those,
Find in great poets but great foes,
In Wordsworth but a husky wheeze,
In Byron but a foul disease,
In Southey one who softly bleats,
And one of thinnest air in Keats
Yet will these live for years and
years
When those have felt the fatal
shears"

the Review, the Critical Review
nobody will believe you They would assume that such an infamous and detestable article must have been written by Gifford

I drink harder. Porson shortened his life by his intemperance

but— This is an instance of aposiopesis. The conclusion of the sentence is not expressed in words, but the meaning intended is indicated by significant gestures. Compare in Scott's *Rokeby* —

"Bertie and is—what I dare not
name"

make any work a monthly one,
make a review so popular that it will have to be issued every month instead of being, like the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly*, only brought out once in three months

35. he must be a blockhead;
on the principle that you may as well be hanged for a horse as for a sheep.

that nutriment The kind of nutriment provided for the heart and

intellect by poets is explained further on

something to fill my belly the kind of nutriment referred to above. One could put up with Juvenal's unsavoury matter, if he only provided good material for thought, imagination, and feeling

the transpositor, the translator, Gifford

the pursuer, Matthias, author of the *Pursuits of Literature* Porson means that they will lay aside the works of Gifford and Matthias until they were reduced to great extremity for want of intellectual food

the lakes and mountains of Westmorland and Cumberland, among which Wordsworth lived and which he celebrates in his poetry On account of their connection with this district, Voss, Coleridge, and Southey as members Poetry

to a Brahmin, because Brahmins do not eat flesh

sherif more commonly spelled 'sherif', means here 'chief magistrate' 'Xerif' is derived from an Arabic word meaning 'glorious'

36. above a certain point as, for instance, above the point of excellence attained by Wordsworth

a level with it, that is, with the certain point In proportion as the eyes are lower or higher than a certain point, they will see objects beyond that point respectively lower or higher relatively to it In like manner, critics who had been in the habit of looking up with excessive admiration to Hesiod, Comina, and Wordsworth's predecessors were naturally inclined to depreciate the new style of poems composed by Homer, Pindar, and Wordsworth respectively

the worse, Hesiod His verses are not very poetical, but are full of common sense and excellent moral instruction.

most accustomed Southey seems to follow the opinion of Hesiodotus that Hesiod was prior to Homer

37. pay dearly, because expression imprints wrinkles on the face

they who are our superiors, women, whose loveliness would be more shortlived if their faces had more fancy to express or were sickened over by the pale cast of thought

selected agrees with 'they' (the judges)

learned messmates, college dons who dine together at a common table

leaf must here mean 'petal', as the metaphor compares beauty to a flower.

38. in what manner they have been affected, the criterion of poetry is the effect produced on our hearts.

tranquilized at another. Compare Horace's account of the effect produced by poetry (*Epistles*, II, 1 210-13)

above all Southey picks highest among the qualities of poetry what Sidney calls its "delightful teaching". Many critics maintain that pleasure is the only end of poetry, and that poetry, as such, has nothing to do with moral instruction

a world, the imaginary world created by the poet's imagination

old man of criticism The 'old man' in St. Paul's Epistles is the unregenerate carnal nature of man which he must "put off" (*Ephesians*, iv 22, *Colossians*, iii 9) before he can become a true Christian Here the term is used metaphorically to express the wrong principle of criticism which condemns original poetry for differing from the older style of poetry admired by the critics

dissemble that, refuse to acknowledge the fact that

lazarettos, pest-houses, hospitals. Compare the powerful description of a leper-house in *Paradise Lost*, xi

177-93 The Lazarettos of criticisms are the works of bad critics
words for things. Southey means the poets condemned by Wordsworth for writing in an artificial poetical diction and neglecting correctness of observation and the expression of natural feeling. Wordsworth reinstated things for words when in the simplest language he gave a true representation of the faces of external nature and the human heart.

without blood and broken bones Wordsworth did not like Scott, love to describe fierce fights and bloodshed. When he celebrated a medieval hero he did not choose a fierce warrior like Roderick Dhu or William of Deloraine but the good Lord Chivalry, in whom

"the savage virtue of the race,
 Revenge and all ferocious thoughts
 were dead."

In another poem he tells us—

"The moving incident is not my
 trade,
 To freeze the blood I have no ready
 arts."

In another Conversation Landor puts into his own mouth a reflection on the violence and want of restraint in contemporary poetry. "Our poems," he says to the Abbé Delille, "must contain *strong things*." We are resolved to excise tears, but we compare them forth at the point of the dagger.

the music of Handel In Pope's works may be found a contemptuous *Epigram on the French about Handel and Bononcini*, which runs as follows—

"Strange! all this difference should
 be
 'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-
 dee!."

This epigram was also ascribed to Swift, but it appears really to have been the work of Dr. Broom.

generalship of Marlborough.

Swift as a Tory naturally depreciated the great Whig general in his political pamphlets.

scholarship of Bentley Bentley said of Pope's Homer's *Iliad* "It is a pretty poem, but don't call it Homer." Naturally Pope had a low opinion of Bentley's scholarship, and deided him in his poems and in the notes to his poems.

Shaftesbury (1671-1713), author of the *Characteristics* and other ethical works. Gray in one of his letters gives reasons to explain how Shaftesbury came to be in vogue as a philosopher such as because he was a lord, because he was as vain as his racquets, and because he was reckoned a fine writer, implying that he had no real philosophical power.

Rousseau was much admired by Landor. Gray often depreciates him in his letters, and finds "absurdity and insipidity" in his great work, the *Nouvelle Héloïse*.

Milton was read from godliness by many who did not really appreciate his poetic genius. Both Milton and Cowper owed much of their popularity to the fact that they were religious poets.

antiquated and rustic Donatus says that Virgil had a rustic face, on account of which he is identified by some with the rather rustically shaved (*rusticus tonsus*) man in an undistinguished toga described in the third satire of Horace. He was undoubtedly a lover of antiquity, but was rather admired than blamed for this characteristic.

Cicero Cicero's oratory is called Asiatic because, as compared with such orators as Demosthenes, his style is diffuse and frequently overburdened with ornament and illustration.

Jeffrey (1773-1850), a famous Scotch reviewer who contributed about 200 articles to the *Edinburgh Review*, in some of which he violently

criticized Wordsworth and the so-called Lake School of poetry. Southey regarded him as "a bad politician, a worse moralist, and a critic in matters of taste equally incompetent and unjust."

39. a piece of dirt is equivalent to what is called below the "base material" that Wordsworth chose for his poetry. In avoiding exciting and elevated subjects he often went to the opposite extreme and cultivated the trivial and commonplace, as when—

"he tells the tale of Betty Foy,
The idiot mother of an idiot boy."

He followed the principle expressed in his poem on Simon Lee—

"O Reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can
bring,
O gentle Reader! you could find
A tale in every thing."

Vehicle of his thoughts; not the language that expresses his thoughts, but the subject upon which in his poetry his thoughts are directed. This is clear from the context, especially from the illustration that follows, in which the thoughts are compared to horses drawing a chariot.

since Milton In the first edition the reading is "since Shakespeare."

Hazlitt in the *Edinburgh Review* condemned strongly the suggestion of any similarity between Shakespeare and Wordsworth, and, perhaps in consequence of this criticism, Landor substituted "Milton" for "Shakespeare."

less of strain We might suppose that Milton's great poem was the result of hard labour, but he himself, in the opening verses of the ninth book of *Paradise Lost* speaks of his

"celestial patroness who deigns
Her nightly visitation unimplored,
And dictates to me slumbering, or
inspires
Easy my unpremeditated verse."

Southey then to prove his point asks permission to read Porson "a poem which is yet unpublished and incomplete." The poem he chooses for this purpose is *Laodamia*.

Whom did they imitate? A very pertinent question. The best way to imitate them is not to imitate them, for then we imitate their originality.

the very counterparts, critics exactly like them. They have been fulfilled.

the elaborate elegance of much of Tennyson's poetry as far inferior to the natural simplicity of Wordsworth.

LUCULLUS AND CÆSAR

This Conversation must be supposed to take place in the summer of 58 B.C. The date is indicated by the reference to the death of Vectius as having taken place "last winter", for that event happened in 59 B.C. The time of year is the end of July or the beginning of September, the time called the dog-days, and the scene is laid in the summer residence of Lucullus high up in the mountains. Plutarch relates that this luxurious nobleman, besides his splendid villa at Naples, "had the most superb pleasure houses in the country near Tusculum, adorned with grand galleries and open saloons, as well for the prospect as for the view." In a visit there, blamed Lucullus for having made the place "fit for the summer and absolutely uninhabitable in the winter." Lucullus

with a smile, 'What then, do you think I have not so much sense as the cranes and storks which change their habitations with the seasons?' Here then Landon imagines the meeting between Lucullus and Caesar, who returned to Cisalpine Gaul—Gaul south of the Alps—to watch the course of Roman politics in 58 B.C., and might very well have secretly left Mutina to visit Lucullus at Tusculum. The dialogue gives an elaborate picture of Roman luxury of which Lucullus was the typical representative. It also, as Leslie Stephen points out, "illustrates by example as well as by precept Landon's favourite doctrine of the vast superiority of the literary to the active life." As generally in Landon's dialogues, there is not much manifestation of dramatic power. The style of conversation put into the mouth of Caesar is very unlike the plain directness of his history of the Gallic war and the incisiveness of the many apophthegms of his which Bacon so much admired.

40. on the instant Landon seems here to antedate the estrangement of Caesar and Pompey, which is not supposed to have become serious until Julia died in 54 B.C. Landon in these Conversations does not pay much attention to chronological accuracy.

the province Caesar went, after his consulship in 59 B.C., to his province of Gaul, which included both Transalpine and Cisalpine Gaul.

nascent love for Julia, Caesar's daughter, whom he married in 59 B.C. This is the 'affinity' to Caesar mentioned above. "Nascent" indicates that the date of this Conversation is supposed to be soon after the marriage. Some editions read "ardent." Plutarch mentions that Julia was very much in love with her husband, although he was much older than she was.

Liberty herself invited. "The senate had conceived great hopes of Lucullus, that he would prove a counterpoise to the tyranny of Pompey" (*Plutarch*). The curule chair was the seat of honour occupied by the chief Roman magistrates. Thus the meaning is that the senate and the chief magistrates in the name of liberty besought Lucullus not to retire from public life.

41. places of desolation, our deserted hearts

that worthy, a sarcastic term ap-

plied to the informer Vectius, who declared that Lucullus had plotted against the life of Pompey. Pompey and his partisans were suspected of having suborned him to make this statement and afterwards of murdering him for fear he should reveal who had suborned him.

fatigued with the rapid journey from Utica

the fresh air of the mountains

Mutina, an important city in Gallia Cispadana (Gaul south of the Po), and therefore included in Caesar's province.

42. Such is the urbanity . . . it bleeds These words must be supposed to be spoken by Lucullus to himself and, as indicated by the third person, not addressed to Caesar. Caesar, while he bit his lip with displeasure, scratched the back of his head.

He saw that he wished to conceal his displeasure, and pretended to think that his lip was scratched by the metal in the cup, which was rough owing to a gem having fallen out. He laid the blame then on the cup, and on Marcipor for giving such a cup to a guest. Marcipor was about to reply that the cup was all right, but Lucullus silenced him with the words "No answer, I desire."

We may object to the incident on the ground that Caesar's urbanity and his self-control and command

of his muscles (see p. 52, l. 12) might have prevented him even from biting his lip.

double, to keep out the cold and heat.

the poets Cf. Horace, *C*, II, v. 12 *percutitque summus fulgur a montes* (lightnings strike the tops of the mountains).

whatever is received as truth This is his idea of poetical truth.

a fable may illustrate Fables may even illustrate better than facts. Numerous fables, such as the Phoenix, the Basilisk, Scylla and Charybdis, are constantly, indeed some of them too frequently, employed as illustrations. Compare p. 75, l. 17.

43. acquaintance with gods and goddesses, such as the Daemon of Socrates.

same materials, thatch.

tapestries and pictures Landor notes that Caesar would regard such things attentively, for Suetonius tells us that even in his campaigns he took with him ' . . . and that he was collector of ancient statues and pictures.

Mithridates, King of Pontus, against whom Lucullus made war successfully from 74 B.C. to 66 B.C. when he was superseded by Pompey.

wheel of Fortune, as opposed to the wheel of torture. He induced his prisoners to tell him the truth by making their fortunes. For the wheel of fortune see Enid's song in the *Idylls of the King*.

for ceasing from hurting them elsewhere As a matter of fact afterwards in his civil wars Caesar was honourably distinguished by his clemency.

44. because-- The dash marks an aposiopesis or sentence left unfinished. We can only conjecture the reason that would have been given.

all the Nereids. Fifty are named

in Hesiod's *Theogony*, thirty-three in the beginning of the eighteenth *Iliad*, and seven in the fifth *Aeneid*.

its warmth and froth showed that it had not been kept long in repose and, as the cows were in the house, the milk was not carried from a distance.

Marcus Vairo (116-28 B.C.), the author of a book on agriculture, would be more likely than Cæsar to take an interest in cows.

Cæsar stole the oxen of Hercules as related in the eighth book of the *Aeneid*. If Varro saw such beautiful cows, he would become a cattle stealer like Cæsar.

the pastures of the Clitumnus On the pastures by the river Clitumnus grazed the milk-white steers referred to in Macaulay's *Horatius*, vii, and *Child's Harold*, IV, lxxi. They were sacrificed to Jupiter at Roman triumphs. See *Georgics*, II, 146.

when even the carvers, when he is not only not worshipped, but also no longer represented in carved work.

45. alluvial monsters, the monsters that are produced in the alluvial soil of the Nile. Spenser in a simile (*Fairy Queen*, I, i. 21) describes how the falling Nile leaves behind huge heaps of mud--

"wherein there breed

Ten thousand kinds of creatures,
partly male

And partly female of his fruitful
seed,

Such ugly monstrous shapes else
where may no man read."

The Egyptian Gods were represented with the heads of beasts and birds, with which they were naturally identified. Compare Milton's *Paradise Lost*, i. 476-82, *Nativity Ode*, xiii, xiv, and *Aeneid*, viii. 698 and note on p. 69.

Lemures, spirits of the dead. See Milton's *Nativity Ode*, 191. Those

who adopted the philosophy of Epicurus would give up the superstitious fear of spirits, and abstain from propitiating them at the feast of Lemuralia

Fanaticism by irreligion, as at the Restoration.

looking up to him This picture is probably suggested by *Lucetius*, 1 32-40, a famous passage imitated in *Childe Harold*, IV, li Landoni, however, changes the posture of the figures to suit the lesson that Lucullus draws from the group. Lucetius represents Mars as looking up to Venus

our complacency. The readiness of the Romans to welcome new gods had its material manifestation in the Pantheon erected, as its name shows, for the reception of all the gods

may change names Old gods may be worshipped under new names, as when a statue of Venus in Brittany was adored as an image of the Virgin Mary. In another Convention we are reminded that Latin names were given to Greek gods. Thus the Greek Zeus and Aphrodite were called respectively by the Romans Jupiter and Venus

prayers and supplications Here Landoni is thinking of the intercession of Saints in the Roman Catholic religion, which he frequently attacks. Compare note on p 70

46. predicate, preach, proclaim The verb is seldom now used in this sense.

fomenters of wars, because a pacific nation invites warlike nations to attack it. This is perhaps suggested by the thirteenth essay of Bacon, where we read that "Machiavel had the confidence to put it in writing that the Christian faith had given up good men in prey to those who are tyrannical and unjust." This is, however, a misinterpretation of Machiavelli. It is also a misinterpretation of the Bible, which nowhere

forbids us to defend by force against injustice other good men than ourselves.

nurse of crimes, because excessive love of peace is accompanied by sloth, and sloth tends to crime, for, as the homely proverb warns us, Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do. This argument supports universal military service, which, it is urged, makes a nation energetic and manly. The evils of peace are exposed forcibly in Tennyson's *Maud*

it must prevail alone, nothing else can flourish in Rome

from Troy The Julia traced their descent to Iulus the son of the Trojan Æneas

47. Ah, Marcus Tullius He sees in the library a statue of Cicero represented in the attitude in which he denounced Catiline. Cæsar takes the frown to himself as he was suspected of complicity in the Catilinarian conspiracy

Catiline fled before thee Cicero's denunciations of Catiline in the senate drove him out of the city

his Commentaries Plutarch says that Sylla dedicated his commentaries to Lucullus "as a person who could reduce the acts and incidents to much better order and compose a more agreeable history of them than himself."

those two books, the histories of Polybius and Thucydides

Xenophon In another Convention Calvus says that "grammarians have fancied that Cæsar borrowed the style of Xenophon." Both Xenophon and Cæsar wrote history in a remarkably plain and clear style

his commentaries Cæsar's Commentaries in the plainness of their style also resembled the great history of Thucydides

48. the general by whom he was defeated, Brasidas. Thucy-

dides tells the story of his own defeat with absolute candour

I misunderstood—I fancied—. Caesar is puzzled. In the dining-room he expects to see dishes, but finds none

of privacy. The contrivance rendered the presence of servants unnecessary

my rusticity in remarking upon your good appetite

other berries From a footnote to the first edition it appears that Landor was thinking of raspberries and gooseberries which he found growing plentifully on the Alps and Apennines, though they were unknown at Rome

49. tame them, cultivate the berries

cherries The word 'cherry' is derived from Cerasus, the name of the town of Pontus from which Lucullus brought them

Larius, the Latin name for Como, an Italian lake famous for its beauty

bleak exposure Compare Emerson's remark that "Wherever snow falls, there is usually civil freedom".

astragals, semicircular mouldings intended for ornament.

dog-days, the hottest days in summer when Sirius, the Dogstar, rises and sets with the Sun. See Horace, *Ep* I, x 16. The ambiguous sentence that follows means that Rome in March is often no cooler than the Tusculan villa of Lucullus is in the dog-days.

dinner-friends Rich Greeks and Romans had a number of humble friends (parasites, in the original sense of the word) who habitually dined at their table.

50. Fœsulæ, the modern Fiesole, where Landor had a house for many years

our last race to the goal of death

along the Tiber, in the Campus

Martius, where the young Romans practised athletic exercises

outlive him He had his wish and was buried by his brother

to dine in company Here Landor is expressing his own sentiments, for Colvin informs us that "he would touch no such viands but such as were both choice and choicely dressed, and he preferred to eat them alone, or in the company of one or two, regarding crowded repasts as fit only for savages". Epicurus in his *Conversation* with Menander says that he particularly avoids sitting down at dinner with several others. "Loud language, discharges of it across the table, the smell of meat intermixed with it, and often both of them together in the same mouth at the same time, would be to me such a penalty as you graver brethren of the buskin never have inflicted on the most criminal in the infernal regions". His sentiments on the subject agree with the practice of high-caste Indians

Uncle Cato Lucullus' wife was Cato's sister

excite no groan We must understand that Cæsar groaned when he mentioned Cato. Lucullus pities him because he is unable to love such a noble character.

51. storied one, one representing a story. Compare "storied windows richly light" in *Penseroso*, 159

Danae shut up in a brazen tower was visited by Jupiter in the form of a shower of gold. See Horace, *Odes*, III, xvi, and Tennyson's

"Now lies the earth all Danae to the stars".

and am We should expect 'and I am', as 'fatherly' does not modify 'am'. English writers sometimes follow the Latin practice of omitting the pronominal subject of a verb, especially when the person is indicated by an inflection. Compare

Paradise Lost, ii. 730, and *Twelfth Night*, ii. 3. 122—

"Art any more than a steward?"

What figure It was the figure of Cæsar himself. Plutarch relates that Cæsar was captured by Cilician pirates. He threatened to crucify his captors, and, when ransomed, returned and executed his threat.

52. any boy pulled his father back so that Cæsar might not remember his father's face. This final act is depicted by the poet to express the awe that Cæsar's look inspired when he threatened the pirates.

it were not Cæsar's, the face would not be Cæsar's, would not be a true portrait of Cæsar. The painter means that Cæsar was so calm and collected that his brow was unruffled by any muscular movement indicating anger.

that smaller face in the distance would be the face of Venus, the mother of Æneas, Cæsar's ancestor. It was 'small' to indicate the distance of the goddess from the scene of strife. Its lines were similar because Cæsar inherited the beauty of his divine ancestress.

the shell Venus was supposed to have sprung from the foam of the sea, and was therefore often represented as standing in a sea-shell as if she had just emerged from the waves.

53. no surer way, because pictures of his exploits would be conspicuous by their absence in his picture gallery, like the images of Brutus and Cassius in the funeral of Junia.

This I presume They must now be supposed to have entered another room. As usual, stage directions are omitted.

brightness to my ideas Alfieri said that all his tragedies were sketched in his mind either in the act of hearing music or a few hours after.

Æetes was, the father of Medea and King of Colchis, which was famous for its poisons. See Horace, *Odes*, II, xiii. 8. Lucullus suspects that he has been given poison. Plutarch mentions a report that before his death his brain was affected by a potion he received from an enchained slave.

them too Mithridates is related to have fortified himself with so many antidotes, that he had great difficulty in poisoning himself. Cæsar suggests that Lucullus might try one of those antidotes to assist his reason in resisting the baneful effects of any drug he might have taken.

54. Manes, the spirits of the dead, to whom offerings were made once in the year.

gods alone more goodness, it is in goodness alone that we rise above the beasts and nearer to the gods. Therefore "tis only noble to be good."

Must we give men, &c. These rhetorical questions express the absurdity of killing or capturing people in war in order to gain applause and glory.

but upon the bier; there is no hope of a correct estimate being formed of a man till he is dead. This is illustrated by instances of inadequate estimates formed of living men.

Briareus, a hundred-handed giant. See *Iliad*, i. 403.

55. ball-courts, courts in which fives or other games are played with balls.

it is not the highest According to Homer (*Odyssey*, vi. 42-5) the seat of the gods on Olympus "is not shaken by winds nor ever drenched with rain, nor does snow visit it, but cloudless æther is spread about it and white mist envelopes it."

great as I am. Here "I" is used quite indefinitely. The mean-

ing is general, that greatness is measured by the capacity for dispassionate and deep thought

the wiser and better part
Cæsar can approve of the better

part, though he chooses the worse
He might make his confession in the words of Ovid —

"Video meliora proboque; deteriora sequor".

MARCUS TULLIUS AND QUINCTUS CICERO

This dialogue between Cicero the orator and his brother Quinctus derives solemnity from the shadow of approaching death which is hanging over the two brothers. From beginning to end it is pervaded by a deep sense of tranquil retrospect and tranquil expectation. The first sentence expresses the renewal of brotherly love in words the very cadence of which breathes the spirit of peace and kindness that had for a time been interrupted by civil strife. The brothers first discuss the great political questions that divided Roman statesmen into two parties. But this leads to no dissonance, for, though Quinctus strongly upholds the popular policy, Landor represents the great orator as more sympathetic with the Gracchi and other democratic leaders than he generally appears to have been during his active political life. Presently the conversation departs from earthly affairs and deals with the great questions of philosophy, the highest good and the immortality of the soul. Near the conclusion we have the Allegory of Truth, which Sir Sidney Colvin regards as "the most perfect next to one (and that also is by Landor) in the English language." The time and place harmonize with the lofty dialogue between the greatest representative of Latin prose literature and his less illustrious brother, from whom he was not far divided in death. It was really at Cicero's Tusculan villa that he entertained his brother for the last time before they parted for ever. Landor prefers to lay the scene at Formiæ, and atones for this transgression of historical fact by the beautiful description he gives of the landscape fading on the sight as the two brothers take their last walk along the shore with "only a faint glimmering from the shells on our path, and from the blossoms of the arbutus." The presence of the sea also affords the reminiscence of the races of their children along the sands under the care of the faithful freedman, Tyro. In fact, all through the dialogue we feel the influence of the sea producing an environment of peaceful tranquillity and taking away the bitterness of approaching death.

56. Quinctus This spelling is found in Roman inscriptions, though the form 'Quintus' is generally preferred by modern editors.

57. in regard to Cæsar Quinctus Cicero joined Cæsar in Gaul in 55 B.C., where he proved himself an able commander and was specially thanked by Cæsar for his good services. It was not his brother's "remonstrances and prayers" that

induced him to abandon Cæsar. When Cicero left Italy to join Pompey, he tried in vain to induce his brother not to accompany him. See *Epist. ad Att.* IX, 1.

Decimus Brutus, Shakespeare's Decius Brutus, must not be confused with the more famous Marcus Brutus. He served under Cæsar in Gaul, where he amassed a large fortune. Cæsar regarded him with special

affection. Yet he joined the conspiracy to assassinate his leader and friend to whom he owed so much. Quintus Cicero had little reason for regarding him as one of the "best men."

Porcius Cato was a nobler character. Even his enemies admitted his eminent virtue. The famous story of his suicide is told in Addison's *Cato*. His devotion to a lost cause is celebrated in Lucan's famous line:—

'Victis causa dei placuit sed victi
Catoni.'

58. Sylla maintained the senatorial party against *Marcius*, as Pompey afterwards did against *Cæsar*. For his greatness see *Child's History*, IV, lxxviii, lxxix.

respect for Pompeius. Cicero in his letters and conversation often showed very little respect for Pompey.

Sertorius a follower of Marius who maintained himself in Spain against the senatorial government from 83 B.C. until his assassination in 72. Plutarch tells the story of his life.

than whom is established by usage, although 'than' is not a preposition. See *Paradise Lost*, ii 299.

that of Sertorius. This is rather a surprising statement, as Sertorius, like *Cæsar*, was assassinated. It is the more surprising as coming from the mouth of Cicero, for Sertorius was, like *Cæsar*, a leader of the popular party and for many years maintained himself in Spain as a rebel against the senatorial government. The preferability of the death of Sertorius lay in the fact that he was killed by the "worst" of Romans (a traitor called Perperna), *Cæsar* by those whom Cicero regarded as "the best of Romans". Cicero may also be supposed to have taken into account the fact that Sertorius had refused to purchase the

alliance of Mithridates by sacrifice of Roman conquests, and that he had set up an exclusively Roman senate in Spain.

ruin of our country. The overthrow of the senatorial party by the triumvirate of Octavius, Lepidus, and Antony was in his eyes equivalent to the ruin of the country.

59. he came hither spontaneously. Cicero gives an amusing account of how he entertained his formidable guest in a letter to Atticus (xiii 52), in which the bathing incident is mentioned. Catullus was the author of the satirical verses read to *Cæsar* while he was taking his bath. Mamurra was an engineer who became rich in *Cæsar*'s service.

him I shall see again. Landor is justified in putting this anticipation of the joy of reunion after death with old friends into the mouth of Cicero, who in his *Tusculan Disputations* translates a similar anticipation of future life from Plato's *Apology* of Socrates. See *Thucydides*, xli.

Mutius Scævola. There were two members of this famous family of lawyers whom Cicero knew personally, Q. Mutius Scævola, the Argur, and Q. Mutius Scævola, the Pontifex. Cicero was taken to the former by his father in his youth, and was after his death a pupil of the latter, whose digest of the civil law he much admired.

Tyro or Tiro was first the slave and afterwards the freedman of Cicero, who educated him and wrote many affectionate letters to him. He assisted Cicero in his literary work, and after his death wrote his life and published some of his speeches, and perhaps his letters. Notice the point of the application of the epithet 'ingenuous' (Lat. *ingenuus*, free-born) to Tyro. Though he was born a slave, he had the honourable character that is supposed to be the special attribute of free-born men.

as I have done, as well as I have written. This is a characteristic touch of Cicero's inclination to self-praise. Landon, like him, had a very high opinion of the excellence of his own work, especially of his *Conversations*, which contained, he thought, "as forcible writing as existed on earth." Elsewhere he says "Cut the worst of them through the middle, and there will remain in the decanal fraction enough to satisfy my appetite for fame. I shall dine late; but the dining room will be well lighted, the guests few and select."

caught both cold and fever, went to extremes of frigidity and vehemence to avoid writing like me. Plutarch says that Brutus in his letters "affected the sententious and Laconic way", and gives illustrations of his dry style, on which Shakespeare evidently modelled the speech he put into the mouth of Brutus after Cæsar's death. As extremes meet, he perhaps sometimes went to the opposite extreme.

60. our order, the order or class of Senators, to whom the Marian faction, represented by Marius, Cinna, Carbo, and eventually by Cæsar, was opposed.

three men, the triumvirate of Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus.

61. that country, Carthage. The city was reduced to ashes after its capture by the younger Scipio.

62. what she might have foreseen, &c., namely, the full rights of Roman citizenship.

63. in your dialogue, the dialogue entitled *Lælius sive de Amicitia*, because Lælius, the friend of the younger Scipio, is the chief speaker in it.

Crassus, consul and pontifex maximus 131 B.C., a famous lawyer and accomplished linguist. Caius Gracchus married his daughter, and he became a member of the trium-

virate to carry out the agrarian law of Tiberius Gracchus. He must not be confused with Clæssus, the famous orator mentioned on p. 64, still less with the Clæssus associated in 60 B.C. with Cæsar and Pompey in the triumvirate.

Appius Claudius, father-in-law of Tiberius Gracchus and a member of the triumvirate appointed to carry out his agrarian law.

his family. Niebuhr remarks that the Claudian house produced "several very eminent, few great men, hardly a single noble minded one. In all ages it distinguished itself alike by a spirit of haughty defiance, by disdain for the laws and iron hardness of heart." See also Macaulay's *Pugna*.

Mutius Scaevola, Publius Mutius Scaevola, consul in 133 B.C., the year in which Tiberius Gracchus was assassinated. In 131 B.C. he became pontifex maximus. His son was the younger of the two Scaevolæ mentioned in the note on p. 59.

Conscript Fathers, senators. Livy says that the *conscripti* were additional members added to the senate after the expulsion of the kings. The senate was then addressed as *pateres* (i.e. senators) *et conscripti*, afterwards as *pateres conscripti*, so that *pateres* and *conscripti* came to be used as equivalent terms for senators, as in Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 314.

just as they were, &c. Those who were protected were called madmen, those who were unprotected, traitors.

64. Lucius Crassus, the greatest orator of his day and the chief speaker in Cicero's treatise *de Oratore*. In his *Brutus*, 278, Cicero says that this speech of Crassus against Cæpio was from his boyhood *quasi magistra* (as it were his instructress).

Aculeo. Cicero's mother "had a sister married to a Roman knight

of the enriched man, C. Aculeo, an illustration in the orator L. Crassus" (Middleton's *Life of Cicero*)

Rullus in 63 B.C. proposed that farms should be bought in Italy for poor Romans out of the proceeds of Pompey's conquests. Cicero violently attacked the measure and its proposer in three orations which are extant.

decemvirate, government by ten men.

projects of Caesar and Pompeius, the agrarian law passed in the consulship of Caesar. Cicero at first approved of it but gave it no active support, and refused a place on the commission to carry it into effect.

the fourth legion and the legion of Mars had done good service to the republic by refusing to follow Antony. Therefore Cicero in his fifth Philippic proposed that they should be rewarded by assignments of land in Campania.

65. under the spear, *sub hasta*

The spear was originally fixed up to signify that what was put up for auction was booty taken from the enemy.

Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi and daughter of the elder Scipio. When the other Romans exhibited their jewels, she brought forward her sons as the most precious jewels she possessed.

her eldest son, Tiberius Gracchus

Caius, her younger son

chalk or charcoal, abusive calumnies of irresponsible scribblers. Such abuse would be written with charcoal on light-coloured walls, with chalk on dark walls.

must accommodate ourselves

Compare Burke's dislike of abstract, or, as he calls them, metaphysical propositions in the science of politics. Almost all political principles admit of exceptions under particular circumstances.

66. laws of perspective. For instance, if you make a picture of the interior of a room, the top of the wall before you must fall below the top of the picture and the bottom of the wall must rise above the bottom of the picture. The farther you are away from the wall the nearer the top and bottom lines of the wall will approach each other, but there will always be a space between.

what is below &c. This would be exemplified in Roman history by the Patricians gradually losing their exclusive privileges and the Plebeians gradually acquiring new right although the distinction between the two orders never entirely disappeared.

wisest and best. The aristocratic or senatorial party, to which Cicero was generally attached and entirely at the end of his life, arrogated to itself the title of *boni*, the

and the worst, the mob and their representatives.

by their own appointment

There were two illegal self-appointed triumvirates in Roman history, the triumvirate of Pompey, Caesar, and Crassus in 60 B.C., and that of Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus in 43 B.C.

Marcus Varro

See note on p. 44. In 46 B.C. Cicero, who was then in retirement, "entered into a close friendship and correspondence of letters with M. Terentius Varro; a friendship equally valued on both sides and, at Varro's desire, immortalized by the mutual dedication of their learned works to each other, of Cicero's *Academic Questions* to Varro; of Varro's *Treatise on the Latin Tongue* to Cicero. Varro was a senator of the first distinction both for birth and merit" (Middleton's *Life of Cicero*).

Fescennine jester. They bandied against one another abusive jests in

the country at the celebration of the harvest home. For the later development of this form of satire see Horace, *Epistle*, II, 1 145-60

runner at the side of a triumphal car In his description of the triumph of Paulus Frullus we learn from Plutarch that the general's chariot was followed by bands and companies of his soldiers, "some singing satirical songs usual on such occasions."

barbarous First the Greeks, and then the Greeks and Romans, called all other nations barbarians.

67. is it hard for us, surely it is, easy for us to retire to seclusion and avoid seeing this horrible state of affairs, even before the government of Rome falls into the hands of foreign barbarians.

is it necessary? This rhetorical question is awkwardly ambiguous. There is no contrast intended between "turn away our eyes" and "close them." That we close them on it 'is not a noun clause object to "command", but an adverbial clause equivalent to 'in order that we may close them'.

our friends lately. The ancient Romans always condemned regal tyranny and would not be slaves. Quintus thinks that recently all their friends among the modern Romans had adopted the opinion on 'their ancestors.' 'expresses great detestation of kings and priests.

The Læstrygons were giants who wrecked with huge stones all the ships of Ulysses but one, and killed and ate many of his followers, as is related in the tenth book of Homer's *Odyssey*.

deplorable death. Lucullus died in 57 or 56 B.C., Cato in 46 B.C. Landon implies that they died in the same year.

the appetite of reason. This is the argument of Addison's *Cato* —

"It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well—

Else whence this pleasing hope,
this fond desire,
This longing after immortality "

69. lamentations of Adonis. See *Paradise Lost*, I 446-52 and *Lechiel*, viii 14. Thammuz was identified with the Greek Adonis, the favourite of Venus.

tenth of your harvests. See *Leviticus*, xxviii 30; *Numbers*, xviii. 21

Cneius Pompeius captured Jerusalem 63 B.C.

fertile one; probably Syria, for in another Imaginary Conversation Mahomet remarks that "he who possesseth Syria may hold in contempt the possessors of all the earth beside." The Jews occupied the hill country; the richer level lands on their borders belonged to the Syrians and Philistines.

the worshippers of cats and crocodiles, the Egyptians. See the beginning of the fifteenth satire of Juvenal and note on p. 45

70. deposit it in its right cell, assign the distinction between the holiness of the egg and the chicken to the nation who really made the distinction.

by Thalassius. Thalassius, according to the legend, was a powerful Roman in the days of Romulus. At the rape of Sabine women his attendants, defending the bride he had chosen against other Romans, shouted out that they were carrying her away for Thalassius. Hence at Roman marriages when the bride was taken to her new home the shout of 'Thalassius' was raised.

He can even inflict. Here Landon is really thinking of the power of the Roman Catholic priesthood and of the practice of confession, which, as may be inferred from the reply of Marcus, he regarded as de

grading to those who submitted to it. See note on p. 45.

disappear and vanish are cast into the shade. They no longer seem wonderful when compared with such an incredible statement. Landor does not always manage to avoid the pleonasm which he condemns in others. Compare 'inhibit and check' on p. 86, and 'ward and custody' on p. 28.

genius of the Cimmerian. The Cimmerians, according to Homer (*Odyssey*, xi. 14) live in a land of mist never illumined by the sun. Compare *L'Alceste*, 10. Therefore the genius of the Cimmerian cannot be supposed to be very bright.

the courage of the Troglodytes, or dwellers in caves, may be presumed to have been small, for Herodotus tells us that they were continually chased by the Garamantians.

whom a cart. The gods are identified with their statue, which the Roman conquerors took away in carts from the cities of Greece and Asia.

Cornelia. See note on p. 65.

72. Tiberius and Caius. the names of the two Gracchi. The passage contrasts the rustic boy, who knew the names of plants and trees but was entirely ignorant of the great events of history, with the learned statesman who did not know the commonest plants and trees.

73. as her gems. See note on p. 65. In this passage Landor closely follows Plutarch, who at the end of the life of Caius Gracchus relates that Cornelia would tell her guests "many particulars of her father Africanus and of his manner of living. But what they most admired in her was that she could speak of her sons without a sigh or a tear and recount their actions and sufferings, as if she had been giving a narrative of some ancient heroes."

(c 72.)

Some therefore imagined that age and the greatness of her misfortune had deprived her of her understanding and sensibility.

74. people can discern. Cf. Browning's *Rabbi Ben Ezra*.

"Not on the vulgar man,
Called work must sentence pass,
Things done that took the eye and
had the price,
O'er which from level stard,
The low world laid its hand,
I found straightway to its mind,
could value in a trice."

most at leisure. when they are most at leisure. Compare note on p. 27 l. 4.

instruct men, &c. especially his treatise *De Officiis*.

morally. The moral application of the statement of Socrates (*Phaedo* 109) is that public men think that their life of political action is the noblest kind of life, whereas it is really less elevated than the thoughts of a great moralist.

in the condition of mediocrity. The golden mean in fortune and other things is recommended by a famous Greek proverb and by many classical writers in prose and verse, for instance by Horace in his *Odes*, II, 2.

as to enterprise. "Plutarch in his *Problems* offers several reasons, each different from this" (Landor).

75. let us also try it. "That Cicero began to think a private life preferable to a public, and that his philosophical no less than his political opinions were unstable, is shown nowhere so evidently as in the eighth book of his *Epistles*. 'Nam omnem nostram de republica curam, cogitationem, de dicenda in senatu sententia, &c. utique ut in Epicuri nos adhibere in castra coniecimus.' . . . Demosthenes in his later days entertained the opinion that, if there were two roads, the one leading to govern-

ment, the other to death, a prudent man would choose the latter" (Lander)

in proportion to its universality, therefore to a much greater degree

disease to our immortal spirit, so that, as Marvell says, men are in this life

"Here blinded with an eye, and there

Deaf with the drumming of an ear"

remora (Lat. *moa*, delay), a fabulous fish supposed to retard the motion of ships. Bacon in the *Advancement* says that final Causes are "but *remoras* and hindrances to stay and slug the ship from farther sailing." Compare p. 42, l. 29

on shore. Notice how the metaphor is kept up.

broken and abject mind. Lander is thinking of the "broken and contrite heart" which Christians regard as a fit offering to God. See *Palms*, li. 17. The "grand old Pagan" was inclined to depreciate the Christian virtue of humility. See note on p. 59 and the last note on p. 83.

Italy is not so fertile in hemlock. In Italy men are not so liable to be put to death for differing from the popular form of religion. At Athens Socrates had to drink the hemlock for teaching men not to accept the gods whom the city accepted.

76. less of a pleader, more impartial

that unsobber tub, the immoderately abusive language of the Cynics. The tub stands for Cynicism because Diogenes lived in a tub. Lander himself admired the Cynics. In his Conversation between Diogenes and Plato he gives the former the advantage.

he who shows us, &c., Epicurus

77. on the principal good, on

the subject of the principal good, which according to Epicurus, was pleasure. This is the question discussed by Cicero in his treatise *De Finibus*, in which he opposes the Epicurean doctrine.

if the sun, &c. This implies that the sun has sunk so low that distant objects are no longer clearly visible. The idea is the same as is expressed by an Indian proverb that the mountains appear beautiful in the distance, and by Campbell's lines at the beginning of the *Phaenix of Hope* --

"Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear

More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?"

"This distance lends enchantment to the view,

And robes the mountain in its azure hue

Thus with delight we linger to survey

The promised joys of life's unmeasured way

But when our hopes and desires are attained, we find the pleasure of attainment less than the pleasure of pursuit, or perhaps the attainment of our object may give us, instead of pleasure, the pain of disappointment.

into the camp of your old adversary. See the passage quoted from a letter to Atticus in a note on p. 75, where Cicero says that he has thrown himself into the camp of his adversary Epicurus. A great deal of Cicero's philosophical work was devoted to the confutation of Epicurus.

rest with him. The inclination to become an Epicurean was only transitory.

the fabric to which they lead, future life. The Epicureans taught that death was annihilation. See the third book of Lucretius' great poem and the brilliant exposition of Epicurean philosophy in Tennyson's

Lucidus, where our little life is described as a

"Poor little life that toddles half an hour

Crown'd with a flower or two, and there an end'

I do not remember It is amusing to notice the self-complacency with which Landor lays claim to originality for this thought. The natural inclination to hatred is clearly enough expressed in the Latin proverb *Homo homini lupus*, A man is a wolf to a man.

78. the descent to Avernus is easy, "*facilis descensus Averno*" (*Eniad*, vi 126). The quotation is an anachronism, unless Virgil happened to borrow the words from an older poet.

the more pestiferous pool of hatred

doubt The Academics were sceptics: they maintained that certainty was unattainable.

If they have, &c. This whole sentence is what is called by logicians a dilemma, showing that we cannot reasonably stand aloof from anyone who thinks differently from ourselves.

80. such as, he should only feel such reluctance as, he should feel no more reluctance than.

at a distance. There are many legends of such underground passages having their exits far away from the fortress, from which they afford an escape.

Occasion may have been wanting to some, as in the case of Gray's "mute inglorious Milton" and "Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood".

81. You were about to appeal. Quinctus was going to remind his brother that Virtue must be included in the list of important things.

in my Lælius In his dialogue on "Friendship" (§ 21) Cicero main-

tained that friendship could not exist without virtue. "*Virtus amicitiam et gignit et continet, nec sine virtute amicitia esse ullo pacto potest.*"

82. this rubbish, what is ordinarily called friendship, friendship without virtue. The metaphor compares the elevated mind surrounded by worthless friends to a statue or building, the visible height of which is lessened by rubbish accumulated round its base.

What requires, &c. This is in accordance with the opinion expressed in another Imaginary Conversation by Diogenes that "the great man is he who hath nothing to hope and nothing to fear from another."

by the intervention of its supporters "These are the ideas of a man deceived and betrayed by almost every one he trusted" (Landor).

our shadow grows thicker, our fame becomes greater and diminishes the warmth of their enthusiasm. What follows to the end of the paragraph is the estimate formed by those little friends who depreciate the greatness of the man whom they once professed to admire and look up to.

Then they begin to praise This and the following sentence are examples of what Pope called dunning with faint praise.

repeat the eulogies They think themselves to be the rising stars of literature, but are too modest to give evidence of the fact by repeating the praise given to them by their friends.

the impassable Atlantic The ancients supposed that Gibraltar was the western limit of the world. There were the pillars of Hercules, marking—

"the strait pass, where Hercules ordain'd

The boundaries not to be overstepped by man".

—Cary's Dante's *Inferno*, xxvi 107

Cicero means that his admirers thought that he had risen to the elevation attained by the great Greek authors, a pitch of perfection, beyond which the human intellect could not rise.

Rostra, the pulpit from which the Roman orators addressed the people. It was so called because it was decorated with the *rostra* (beaks) of captured Carthaginian ships.

83. Pomponius Atticus, Cicero's chief correspondent. He was called Atticus on account of his knowledge of Greek literature and because he spent much of his life in Athens.

its reflection, the expression of truth in speech and writing. The water was most pellucid, as those who are truthful do not court obscurity, do not employ language that conceals thought.

Hylas, while looking into a stream, was carried under water by the water nymphs who fell in love with him.

Narcissus falling in love with his own image reflected in a fountain, pined away and was transformed into the flower bearing his name.

simplest flowers. Truth does not require rich ornament but may be expressed in language of beautiful simplicity.

fonder and tenderer of those, more tendulv fond of those. As 'tender' is not properly followed by 'of', it must be taken with 'fonder'. For this disconnection of words, grammatically connected compare *Paradise Lost*, ii 917 --

'Into this wild abyss the wayfiend
Stood on the brink of hell and
looked a while'.

impression of its graceful feet. Even in ornaments and illustrations Truth prefers true facts to imaginary natural history and false mythology. Yet on p. 75, l. 17, Cicero used the fabulous remora for the purpose of illustration.

You speak well. Self-depreciation is a kind of falshood. See note on p. 75. The allegory sometimes deals with philosophical truth (agreement of thought with fact) and sometimes, as in this passage, with veracity (agreement of a speaker's words with his thought).

84. turned her face away, because a truthful person is offended if suspected of love ofattery.

several paces farther. Here lovers' protestations are condemned as opposed to veracity.

may tremble once. This is probably a reminiscence of the famous scene in the *Life* of Dante when Paolo kisses Francesca, a passage of which there is a fine application in Lancelotti's *Pentameron*.

would not have assuaged my thirst, because the thirst for truth, in this case philosophical truth, can never be satisfied.

"All experience is an arch, where-
thru'

Gleams that untravelled world,
whose margin fades

For ever and for ever as we
move

a hue not very agreeable, Truth is candid and requires us to recognize clearly our own imperfections.

85. a thorn perhaps indicates the restlessness, due to our longing for truth and our anger when disappointed of its attainment. It is a good which urges us--

"To follow knowledge like a falling
star
" " " " " of human

Jove to his daughter. Perhaps, when Lancelotti was in Spain, he heard the Spanish proverb, "Truth is the child of God."

that of an Allobrox. This is no doubt suggested by Juvenal's mention (*S.*, vii 214) of a rhetorician--

- * Fastidious Rufus who with critic
tagged
Assigned the purity of Tully's
page?—

who, according to the common reading of the verse, was so conceited that he ventured to call Cicero an Allobrogian (Cicetonem Allobrogadum), that is to say declared that Cicero's style and diction were barbarous for the Allobrogians were Gauls. Landon transfers the criticism to Pollio, who was such a keen critic that he found traces of the provincialism of his native town (*patronitas* from *Patavium*) in Livy's history.

Cicero in his reply characteristically takes the opportunity of digressing in a reference to his famous consulship in which he detected the Catilinarian conspiracy through information supplied by the Allobrogian ambassadors. In conference with them he ascertained facts that he spoke about in his speeches against Catiline so that his language was no doubt determined by the knowledge received from them. If Rome were not out of sight, he would point out the buildings he had saved by his Allobrogian experience. — the reproach

Antonius. Pollio was his friend if indeed Quinctus and his son were put to death at the same time.

86. Our wills. We should expect here rather 'our desires'. It

seems absurd to talk of our *volition* conquering our *will*, as volition is merely the exercise of the will.

equalised, calmed

inhibit and check. Landon is such a severe critic of repetition that we are surprised to find him coupling here two verbs of the same meaning. However, even Milton in a famous passage (*Paradise Lost*, l. 356) couples 'mitigate' and 'swage'.

87. our gentler, & passion. Landon in his love for conciseness often understands a noun with an adjective instead of repeating it. In this respect his style is very different from that of Macaulay who frequently repeats the same word quite unnecessarily. Compare the passages quoted under the head of 'conciseness' in the Introduction.

Tulliola is an affectionate diminutive of Tullia, the name of Cicero's daughter. To his great grief she died in 62 B.C.

milk and honey, offering to the spirit of the departed. See note on p. 45.

88. so much light as not to see. Cf. *Paradise Lost*, III. 380—

"Dark with excessive light thy skirts appear."

I first discovered it. He gives an account of the discovery in the fifth book of the *Tusculan Disputations*.

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